THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO. 41. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS

FITZGERALD RELIEVED.

The Irish National League of America Assembles in its Fourth Convention and Elected New Officers

The Platform Adopted on the Occasion—Parnell Censured and Justin McCarthy Hissed.

Other Work of the Gathering.

Introductory.

The tourth convention of the Irish National League of America was held in Central Music Hall, this city, on Thursday and Friday, the 1st and 21 inst. The attendance was very respectable, but by no means as large as on former occasions—the total number of delegates present barely reaching 575, of whom over 150 were from the State of Illinois. Few of the old time "war horses" were present, and of the erstwhile Fenian element, Judge James W. Fitzgerald of St. Mary's, Kansas, M. D. Gallagher of New York, and Capt. George Sweeney, of Cincinnati, O., were the most representative. The delegates from Canada were headed by the veteran patriot Patrick Boyle, of the *Irish-Canadian*, Frank Langan and Mr. Reynolds, of Montreal. They were a fine looking set of men, filled with an honest enthusiasm, and excited the admiration of all beholders. About half a dozen priests were in attendance as delegates, but, with the exception of Father Foley, they took little part in the proceedings, which, by the way, were characterized by an "innocuous desuetude" not generally found in Irish gatherings.

No doubt the delegates who voted for the resolution aiming a blow at Charles Stewart Parnell—something entirely uncalled for—will feel remorseful now that the great Irishman has passed suddenly from earthly scenes. Nothing they can do will recall the past—no amount of sophistry can make them feel that they dealt otherwise than cruelly and unjustly by the boldest Irish leader, and the most successful tactician, that this generation has produced. The bad treatment of Parnell by a majority of the leaders of the Irish people at home and abroad is the meanest episode in their history, and will make their children's children blush for their conduct. The great man asked them for a hearing and they refused it. They deserted him in the hour of his agony, and death has released him from their ingratitude and contumely. But, on his deathbed, he may have remembered the divine appeal from the cross on Calvary, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The recent convention cannot be expected to effect much practical good, because it met under discouraging conditions. The most we can expect from it is that it will do no harm. In one thing, at least, it has been happy—the selection of its officers. Mr. Gannon, as president, will make an admirable officer. Mr. Sutton's great ability as secretary is already well known both here and across the Atlantic; and Mr. William Lyman of New York, elected treasurer, commands the respect of all good Irishmen throughout America. The other officers also merit the esteem of their fellow countrymen, and we have no doubt that if anything can be done with the means at their disposal to aid Ireland, she will be aided. THE CITIZEN has no doubt that, could they and others undo what they did to pain the last hours of the dead leader, they would undo it. However, let the ranks close up anew, and let the road to victory be followed.

Thursday's Session.

It was close to the noon hour when Secretary Sutton appeared on the platform. He was accompanied by M. V. Gannon, Omaha, Neb; the Rev. James Foley, Iowa; Frank Agnew, Chicago; Dr. O'Reilly, St. Louis; A. P. McGuirk, Davenport, Iowa; C. J. Creeden, St. Louis; Wm. J. Gleeson, Cleveland, Ohio; Frank Langan, Montreal; John Foley, Chicago, and several others.

The 250 delegates applauded as the line of patriots filed out. The band played "The Wearing of the Green," and the delegates gave another round of applause. There were a number of priests scattered throughout the hall, among them the Revs. P. A. McManus, Oxford, Ill.; T. J. Mackey and S. Fitzgerald, Lincoln, Neb., and D. O'Dwyer, Bloomington, Ill. Several city priests were among the spectators, but took no part in the proceedings.

Secretary Sutton, stepping to the front of the platform, said: "It is through very painful circumstances that it devolves on me to call this convention to order. I regret that my old, honest, and gallant chief, John Fitzgerald, is not here today. Illness prevents his attendance, as well as that of his first lieutenant, P. H. Martin, of Baltimore. In spite of a hostile public opinion, created, I regret to say, by Irishmen, we are assembled for a holy and a sacred purpose, to aid the land that gave us birth. For God's sake don't let the old cause die. Men appear here today and are away tomorrow, but that grand old cause goes on forever. It has gone on too long already. It is time to put it on a business basis."

Mr. Sutton then read the call for the meeting. It stated that the Irish movement in America would be broadened, and scored severely the factionists in the old land. It recited the objects of the convention as follows: 1 To examine the report of the executive committee; 2 To consider the relations between the Irish party in Ireland and the Irish party in America; 3 To revise the constitution of the Irish National League of America, and 4 To pledge fealty to the cause of Ireland's independence. Secretary Sutton concluded by nominating O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, as temporary chairman The following were elected temporary secretaries: Daniel McGlynn, St. Louis; John Flannery, Pittsburg; J. J. O'Connell, Chicago, and Fred B. Sharon, Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. O'Neill Ryan then advanced to deliver his introductory speech. He is a young man of great elcquence, and in several stirring passages fired his listeners to enthusiasm. He said:

"While profoundly grateful on personal grounds for the compliment paid me in asking me to preside at this great gathering, I realize the fact that the honor is intended for the commonwealth of Missouri in recognition of the many services done by that state to the cause of Ireland. It is nearly five years since the last convention was held in this hall. On that occasion, a notable and historic one, Ireland's fortunes in America were entrusted to men who amid dangers and difficulties, amid storms of calumny, misrepresentation and vituperation have proved themselves faithful, able and true to the trust which you reposed in them.

"We all regret the absence of the man whose unswerving loyalty to aspirations of Ireland has placed him at the head of his race in the United States, the fearless and true hearted John Fitzgerald, of Nebraska. That there has been no convention for some years back is due to reasons to which I need not refer. The executive have ever been anxious to surrender the trust committed to them and to make a report of their labors. There have been numerous audits by trustworthy men and a full accounting made of all the money received and disbursed.

"This gathering is representative of thousands of Irishmen. It will voice the opinion of 12,000,000 of our race. We come together as Irish Nationalists to proclaim the right of the Irish people to govern themselves. We are not here to bolster up any man or any section or any faction. We are here to reiterate the old adage that in union there is strength, wishing to emphasize it in particular for the leaders of the Irish people at home. We attempt no dictation. We have never mapped out a policy for the leaders in Ireland. We have always aided them generously, morally and materially, taking our position without murmuring as an auxiliary or secondary organization. The men present here today are the men that stood by the Irish National League since its organization, and that have labored with energy to advance it and make it a power in the land. Such men have a right to demand of our compatriots at home a united and aggressive national policy. A cause that has survived the shock of battle and the scourge of famine and the penal laws—a cause for which thousands have gone to the scaffold can not fail. That cause and its principles are immortal. Trusting in the genius of Irish manhood, I am confident that cause shall triumph. Such triumph can only be accomplished by a united people speaking through a united party—a party alone, separate and independent of either English political parties. The goal of an Irish party should be the emancipation of Ireland. An Irish party honestly striving for this goal will have the support, material, moral, and financial, of the Irish race on this side of the Atlantic.

"Gentlemen, that a convention of the League has not been held long since, is due to causes well known to you. The executive have endeavored earnestly and repeatedly to convene the representatives of the Irish organizations in America, that they might in convention assembled account for the trust given them and show the faithful discharge of their duties. It is true the distribution of the great sums collected has been made public from time to time, and the accounts audited by gentlemen of unquestioned probity, but they had a right to insist that the organic body that gave them power should receive back that power with a full statement of its use. That is one purpose of this convention, another, gentlemen, and I believe the dominant purpose of this gathering—representing, as it does, tens of thousands of scattered sons of the Gael—is to speak, and with no uncertain sound, what I believe to be the sentiment of the twelve millions of our race in America—for union and strength. (Cheers)

"We are here today, as we have been at every convention since 1881, as Irish Nationalists asserting and demanding the right of the people of Ireland to self government. We are not here to uphold any man or set of men (cheers), or faction or section of the Irish people (cheers), but we are here to tell the Irish people that when they present a strong and united policy upon the grave question of their political rights, then and not till then will they have the united, moral and material support of the men in America. (Applause.) This we have a right to say to them. (Cries of 'Right and true.')

"We have been an auxiliary body; we have not dictated to them the lines of action to be pursued in accomplishing their purpose, but for ten years we have stood by them manfully and consistently. The men before me are the men who were in the movement when to be allied to the Irish cause meant social ostracism. (Cheers and cries of 'True, true.') They have labored in that cause until its power became immense. They have won for it the consideration and support of the civilized world; they have obtained for it the sympathy and financial aid of the American people, always generous and always ready to aid any people struggling for their rights, won for us here by the swords of our forefathers, and preserved to all by the genius and patriotism of our people. (Applause.) You have stood by it through storms and tempests. If your seeming reward has been the scurrilous abuse of ungrateful or disappointed men, yet you have not been deterred in your work.

"Now that a grave crisis exists, you have a right because of your own work and because of the support you have enlisted, to demand of the Irish people, before you go further, that they shall present a united and aggressive front on the National issue. (Cheers.) We give or withhold our aid as we deem best. Let it be given only to a united Ireland. (Cheers.) The cause is greater than man or party. It has survived the shock of battle and the scourage of famine. For it men have died upon the scaffold and perished in the dungeon. It will live immortal, and in the providence of God and Irish manhood will yet triumph. (Cheers.)

"I have faith in the manhood of Ireland and they have faith in us. Whatever can be done by parliamentary agitation can only be done by a united people, speaking and working through a united party that will preserve its integrity as such, independent of control by either of the English parties (cheers), free from any alliances save those they can honorably make to promote the independence of their people. And let them ever remember that the true principles of Irish nationality will find sympathy and support in this great republic. It was here the rights of man first found full expression, rights won by the sword and preserved in our constitution. May the lightning flash of freedom that broke from the storm cloud of our nation's revolt penetrate the land of saints and heroes and illumine her children with the sunlight of liberty." (Continued cheering.)

After some discussion the following were appointed a committee on credentials: M. D. Gallagher, New York; Ed. Lynch, Missouri; John Flannery, Pennsylvania; John F. Hynes, Ohio; Wm. H. Joyce, Illinois; Major M. Taugan, Wisconsin; George Monahon, Kansas; Lawrence Sullivan, Massachusetts; P M. Mulhern, Georgia; Patrick Boyle, Canada.

A recess was then taken until 2 o'clock.

On reassembling the temporary officers were made permanent. The committee on credentials reported that there were close on 5,0 delegates entitled to be seated. Others arrived subsequently.

The first real debate occurred over the appointment of committees. It was moved that the chair nominate nine delegates on the different committees. Delegate Sharon, of Iowa, objected strenuously. He said the matter was too important to be taken out of the hands of the convention. He moved that the committees be made up of a representative from every state and one from Canada.

Mr. Sharon's motion prevailed.

Five minutes recess was allowed for the state delegates to confer.

The Illinois delegates exhausted about thirty minutes in making up their ticket. Several other delegations kicked over the delay. When Chairman Corkery had sent up the Illinois nominations, the secretary read the following list of committees, which were approved:

Resolutions—Daniel Corkery, Illinois; J. H. O'Brien, District of Columbia; Wm. Lyman, New York; M. H. O'Byrne, Georgia; P. J. McFarland, Pennsylvania; M. V. Gannon, Nebraska; J. G. Donnelly, Wisconsin; Dr. O'Reilly, Missouri; T. W. Dougan, Colorado; Ed. Reynolds, Canada; D. C. O'Brien, Kansas; J. T. Morris, Maryland; Charles J. Pyne, Tennessee; J. Toomey, Michigan; Ed. Sweeney, Ohio; E. M. Sharon, Iowa; Hugh J. Carroll, Rhode Island; Dennis O'Neil, Connecticut; P. S. Curry, Massachusetts; Michael J. Byrnes, Indiana.

Rules—Edmund O'Connell, Illinois; P. S. Curry, Massachusetts; W. Joyce, Wisconsin; Daniel M. Ryan, Ohio; T. McNamara, Michigan; Thomas Ryan, Maryland; P. J. O'Sullivan, Canada; Patrick Sheehan, Missouri; J. J. Condon, Nebraska; David A. Dennison, Pennsylvania; P. M. Mulhearn, Georgia; J. W. Fitzgerald, Kansas; M. J. Langan, New York; Con. Kelly, Indiana; John Dillon, Rhode Island; John Downs, Tennessee; J. A. Mangan, Iowa.

Constitution—P. S. Curry, Massachusetts; Timothy Murphy, Connecticut; L. R. Buckley, Illinois; Capt. M. Mangan, Wisconsin; John Noonan, Tennessee; the Rev. James Foley, Iowa; Patrick Cooney, Rhode Island; John Agnew, Indiana; M. D. Gallagher, New York; D. O'Byrne, Kansas; D. G. Fogarty, Georgia; M. Brady, Pennsylvania; C. F. Moriarity, Nebraska; W. P. Dwyer, Missouri; Frank Langan, Canada; James Doyle, Maryland; T. Mulligan, Michigan; W. J. Gleason, Ohio.

Finance—P. S. Curry, Massachusetts; Maj. J. W. Smyth, Rhode Island; Maurice Donnelly, Indiana; Samuel Gribbon, Ohio; J. Healey, Michigan; Thomas Ryan, Maryland; John T. Lee, Canada; M. J. Sheridan, Missouri; Jas. A. O'Shea, Nebraska; Alex. McKinnan, Pennsylvania; J. M. Mulhearn, Georgia; I. S. Doyle, Kansas; Maj. O'Shaughnessy, New York; John T. Kelly, Wisconsin; P. B. Flanagan, Illinois; James Quinn, Iowa.

After the committees were announced, M. V. Gannon, of Nebraska, was introduced and spoke at length. He said they should put behind them all bitter feelings for the sake of the old land. When the League had become a power here, when it had won the press, the governors of states, and the legislatures to the side of Ireland, England set her agencies at work to disrupt them. He denounced British American societies as being hostile to the constitution of the United States.

"We are not cowards," proclaimed Mr. Gannon. "We have not been talking for four or five years for the pleasure of hearing ourselves talk. If we fail to free the Irish people by constitutional means, we will still go on and rescue them by any other means available."

Matthew P. Brady next pronounced a panegyric on Robert Emmet. He also delivered a touching eulogy of the Irish priests. He declined to believe that the bishops and priests of Ireland were the enemies of Irish independence. After reminding his hearers that the priests blessed Owen Roe O'Neil's banner, he said that the altar was always in close connection with the camp. The priests were ever patriots, he continued, and Ireland's freedom was never imperiled by Soggarth Aroon. Mr. Brady gave it as his opinion that when a blow would be struck for Ireland the priests would be found fighting shoulder to shoulder with the warriors of Innisfail.

The convention then adjourned until 10 o'clock next day. The different committees met at McCoy's Hotel in the evening.

Friday's Session.

No session of the convention was held Friday morning, owing to the time consumed by the committees in preparing their reports. It was after 2:30 p. m. before Chairman O'Neill Ryan called the meeting to order. By 5:30 all the business had been transacted, including the adoption of a new constitution, with resolutions expressive of the delegates' sentiments and the election of officers.

Secretary Sutton's report was a suggestive document. It contained letters from Parnell, Dillon and others which made it clear that the delay in calling the convention, charged to the officers of the League, was due entirely to the advice of the Irish leaders. Mr. Sutton censured Parnell severely for the contemptuous way in which he treated the correspondence of an organization which had sent him nearly $500,000. After a number of letters had been interchanged, Mr. Parnell finally wrote a letter in which he advised the dissolution of the executive board of the League. At the same time he expressed the utmost confidence in its leaders.

To this a reply was sent which protested against the carrying out of any such course, but at the same time suggesting the desire of the officers to do whatever was best for Ireland. Here the O'Shea troubles intervened and the correspondence came to an end.

The convention Friday, with copies of the correspondence in its hands, indorsed the officers of the League, and to all intents and purposes passed a vote of censure on the Irish leaders for the utter neglect which they appeared to have shown for the wishes of the Irish people in America.

Important results are likely to follow the adoption of the amended constitution introduced by Maj. W. J. Gleason, of Ohio. It practically reorganizes the League. Under its provisions, a convention will be held every two years; the salaries of the three chief officers are reduced to $1,000 a year for each officer; a president, three vice presidents, secretary, treasurer and board of seven constitute the governing body. All except the treasurer and vice presidents will be chosen by the president. The old time resolution boycotting goods of English manufacture was re-affirmed, and the Irish-American people were requested to discourage, in a legal manner, tradesmen from dealing in them. A badge button for members of the league was adopted.

P. J. Smythe reported for the committee on finance. There is a cash balance of $1,100 on hand. The books and papers, said the report, were in first class condition. The report is attested by John L. Lee, accountant. It was adopted amid applause.

THE PLATFORM.

Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Nebraska, read the following resolutions:

1. The Irish National League of America in convention assembled at Chicago on October 2, 1891, testifies its devotion to the flag of the Union and the unquenchable love of its members for the laws and institutions of our glorious country, recognizing, as we do gladly and proudly, that our primary allegiance if due to that flag and to those institutions. We affirm that our overmastering desire is to see extended to our motherland the benefits accruing from equal laws such as have blessed America and made her the hope of suffering mankind and the model for nations struggling for free institutions.

2. We regret the conditions now existing in Ireland, and attribute their possibility to the unfortunate tendency to hero worship and one-man domination, which we hope to see obliterated from the public life of Ireland.

3. We have no desire, nor do we deem it wise, necessary or patriotic, to pass judgment upon the questions now so unhappily separating our brethren in the old land. We have heretofore tendered our good offices in the adjustment of those differences, and that tender has been wholly disregarded by the contending elements, but we may and must speak out the opinion and wishes of the people whom we represent, and say that it is the duty of the Irish, and all other oppressed people, to seek freedom by peaceful methods, and only when such methods have been fully tried and found wanting are nations and people justified in resorting to force; but we strongly and emphatically assert that it is equally a duty to prepare for every emergency, and stand ready to aid our kindred in every manly way, recognized and commended by usage and civilization, in obtaining free men's privileges in a land consecrated to freedom by the heroic sacrifices of centuries.

4. We call upon those who are responsible for the locking up of over $200,000 mainly contributed by the people of this country for the support of the evicted tenants on the plan of campaign, to release the same and distribute it as originally intended by the subscribers, and we pledge ourselves that until this request is complied with we are resolved not to contribute another dollar to aid those who have withheld this money from its legitimate beneficiaries.

5. We hereby resolve to maintain our organization for the purpose of being in readiness for the performance of such duties as the exigencies of the future shall show to be fit and proper, and we humbly invoke the guidance of the almighty God for our brothers and ourselves to the end, that with His blessing our reunited efforts may result in securing for the Irish people the land in which He planted them and a government whose personnel shall be so clean and pure, and whose principles shall be so broad, humane and free as to make it a model among the free nations of the earth.

6. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to our president, the Hon. John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, and our first vice president, the Hon. Patrick Martin, of Baltimore, in their illness, and earnestly hope for their speedy recovery. No cause has ever had braver, truer and more self sacrificing friends than Fitzgerald and Martin, and true Irishmen will, we trust, ever remember with gratitude their great services to their country.

We call the attention of America to the cause of American citizens suffering penal horrors in British dungeons because of evidence plainly manufactured and the fact that they dared to express themselves in favor of a free Ireland, and we ask our representatives in congress to press the matter upon the attention of the state department.

We tender our sincere thanks to all the executive officers of our organization, particularly President John Fitzgerald, Treasurer, the Rev. Charles O'Reilly, and Secretary John P. Sutton, for their able, untiring and brilliant services to our movement.

An attempt by J. G. Donnelly, Wisconsin, to tack on a resolution favoring Justin McCarthy and the Irish Parliamentary majority, was defeated after a stormy scene.

Justin McCarthy's name was hissed vigorously.

Chairman O'Neil Ryan ruled that the constitution forbade them to favor any Irish faction. They intended to work independently without bossing anybody or permitting any man or section of men to boss themselves.

During the discussion on the McCarthy motion, Delegate Kelly, of Wisconsin, complained that the important States were not represented, and that there was a systematic effort on the part of the chair to choke off debate. The people who had furnished the sinews of war were not be seen at the convention, he said. The hall was packed by men from Illinois. Wisconsin had contributed more funds than Illinois, and yet there was an organized attempt to crush him.

Delegate Sharon, of Iowa, backed Brother Kelly.

The two dissentients went down right rapidly, accompanied by the Rev. Father Foley.

THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS

was then proceeded with and resulted as follows:

President—M. V. Gannon, Nebraska.

First Vice-President—Patrick Boyle, Toronto, Canada.

Second Vice President—M. D. Gallagher, New York.

Third Vice President—Eugene J. O'Connor, Augusta, Ga.

Secretary—John P. Sutton, Lincoln, Neb.

Treasurer—Wm. Lyman—New York.

Cabinet—Dan'l Corkery, Illinois; Capt. George Sweeney, Ohio; J. J. Donovan, Michigan; M. Mangan, Wisconsin; Hugh J. Carroll, Rhode Island; A. P. McQuirk, Iowa, and Nicholas Ford, Missouri.

The State delegates selected were: E. O'Connell, Illinois; H. J. Carroll, Rhode Island; J. F. Hynes, Ohio; Constantine Maguire, Massachusetts; Joseph Fanning, District of Columbia; P. J. Leonard, Connecticut; Capt. Mangan, Wisconsin; Timothy McNamara, Michigan; John Flannery, Pennsylvania; Capt. J. J. Quinn, Colorado; M. J. Martin, Tennessee; Capt. James J. Dwyer, New York; George Monaghan, Kansas; Edward Reynolds, Quebec, Canada; M. J. O'Beirne, Georgia; M. Donnelly, Indiana; J. H. Condon, Nebraska; Con O'Sullivan, Missouri; J. A. Langan, Iowa.

All the gentlemen elected made speeches of thanks.

Speeches were also made by Delegate Minihan, of Omaha; Delegate Tynan of New York, and others, after which the convention, amid cheers, adjourned sine die.

IRELAND AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

[*To the Editor.*]

CORK, Sept. 26.—Permit me through your columns to make a suggestion to the Irishmen of America, concerning the approaching exhibition in Chicago, which, I hope, will receive their consideration. The exhibition is called the World's Fair, and its promoters have every reason to be proud of the success which already promises to crown their great and ambitious project.

Every nation whose government takes a paternal interest in developing its progress and prosperity will be represented in this convocation of nations. Every such government will, no doubt, make an appropriation sufficient to provide a building suitable for the proper representation of its national arts and manufactures.

Ireland is a nation. Ten to fifteen millions of American citizens reverence the time honored toast of "Ireland a Nation." But Ireland has no paternal government to make an appropriation to enable it to be represented in this forthcoming assemblage of nations, though her arts and manufactures were old and famous when most of her present day compeers had neither one nor the other.

Are the Irishmen of America satisfied that their nation alone, of the nations of the earth, shall not be represented as a nation? That is the question I ask the Irishmen of America to take into their consideration. They are proud of their adopted country, they are proud of being American citizens, but I never yet met one of them, either at this side, or during my visit to the United States, who was not also proud of the land of his forefathers.

I was very much struck on my visit to the capitol at Washington by some members of both houses priding themselves on the fact that Irish blood flowed in their veins, though they were regarded as purely Americans.

A very small but well organized effort of the Irish race in America would quickly conjure up a building in the exhibition grounds, where the Irish at home could prove to the world that, despite of the malignant efforts made for centuries to crush her arts and manufactures, Ireland is still able, in proportion to her population and resources, to take her place among the nations of the earth.

Will this effort be made? That is for the Irishmen of America to decide, and to decide promptly. If they so decide, it can be done. I have an intimate and practical connection with our exhibition movements at home, and know what can be done with organization and money. At present there is not much inducement for Irish manufacturers to go to heavy expense to exhibit in a British section of the World's Fair. The prospect of a good show in an Irish section would be very different.

Ireland's past as well as its present, could be levied under contribution to make an Irish section both interesting and attractive; but this is all a matter of detail. A successful Irish exhibition in Chicago would necessarily mean an increased demand for Irish manufactures, and work for the thousands of men and women, whose only prospect is the alternative of starvation or emigration. This is the practical side of it.

Gen. Grosvenor, one of the special commissioners of World's Fair, visited this city yesterday, to enlist co operation for it, and was well received. I explained to him the difficulty, under existing circumstances, of having a successful representation of Ireland. I think, on his return, he will report on this point to the directory. He was very much impressed during his brief visit to our country with the possibility of a fine Irish show, if properly worked.

I may be asked, what are Irishmen at home doing in the matter? My answer is, we are unfairly handicapped in this competition of self-governing nations, but if the scheme be enthusiastically taken up at your side, I have every reason to believe a ready response will be made at this.

I now leave the matter in the hands of the Irishmen of America. They have always responded promptly to any suggestion of helping the old country. Thanking you for your courtesy in extending your columns to me, I am, sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM J. LANE.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS P. LOFTUS.

Mr. Thomas P. Loftus, formerly of the Union Stock Yards, this city, was killed by the cars a few days ago near Pueblo, Col. He was engaged at the time in conveying several carloads of sheep from Durango, Col., to Omaha, Neb. The remains were taken to Durango and interred in the Catholic cemetery, after religious ser[illegible] had been held in the Catholic church. Mr. Loftus leaves a widow but no children. His sister, formerly Miss Nellie Loftus, is married to Mr. M. T. Blum, one of the wealthiest merchants of Durango. The aged father of Mr. Loftus resides on a farm near Montrose, Col. Deceased was always an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist, and was thoroughly honored as such for many years. He was well known to most of his fellow countrymen in this city, and all will deeply regret his premature death.

MR. TIMOTHY T. TOBIN.

It was a painful surprise to the numerous friends of Mr. Timothy T. Tobin, of the firm of Tobin & Hamler, to learn of his sudden death on Friday last. Mr. Tobin, whose health had become somewhat broken since the sad loss of his beloved wife last December, was, nevertheless, able to attend to his business, more or less, up to the last few weeks. About that time some symptons of an unmistakeably grave nature made themselves manifest in a chest and throat trouble, and the leading physicians of the city pronounced his illness to be of a cancerous type. But death was, happily, merciful when it came. He passed away in a peaceful sleep. His tranquil features and perfectly restful position, as if in a deep slumber, when his grief stricken children found him, attested that he had been spared all struggle and pain. In his coffin the same beautiful calm rested on the kind, manly face that never looked with ill will on a fellow creature. This is much to say, but let those who know Timothy Tobin answer. The funeral, which was by carriages to Mount Olivet, was a very large one. Following the immediate members of the family and Rev. Bernard Murray, pastor of St. Bernard's church, were Mr J. Ronayne, Mr. James Crottie, Miss Julia M. Crottie, Miss Katherine Ronayne, of Newport, Mass., and other relatives and a host of friends and neighbors. Mr. Tobin was born in Moycollop, county Waterford, Ireland, about forty eight years ago. He leaves a family of five children well provided for in worldly means, but inconsolable over the double bereavement that has come upon them.

The Nally Testimonial Fund.

A meeting of the various committees was held at Cline's Hall, corner of Huron and Wells streets, on Sunday, the 4th inst., with Joseph P. McKenna in the chair. After remarks by the chairman the following subscriptions to the fund were handed in:

Am't previously acknowledged.	$129 50	J. Carney........	1 00
O. O'Malley......	10 00	H. P. Brady......	1 00
P. J. O Rielly....	5 00	A. Griffin........	1 00
J. T. McLoughlin	5 00	P. Flanagan.....	1 00
J. Ansbro........	5 00	P. Reagan.......	1 00
J. O Malley......	5 00	Capt. J. Ward (2d subscription)..	1 00
R. J. Phalen.....	5 00	P. Corrigan......	1 00
Capt. P. McGrath	5 00	M. Mullen........	50
M. Garrivan.....	3 00	M. Griffin........	50
T. Martin........	2 00	Total Am't.....	$185 50
C. Bruen.........	2 00		
J. Purcell........	1 00		

The chairman requests that all members and friends, particularly the holders of subscription books, to attend on Sunday next, Oct 11 at 3 p. m. sharp.

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN, } Secs
JONH ANSBRO,

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

WEARY WAITING.

With a regretful sigh he turned his head, and, anon, the dust flew thickly from the rapid hoof strokes of his horse as he galloped away towards the northeast—for he took the shortest route leading across the "pontoon" bridge, beneath which mingled the waters of the picturesque loughs, Con and Cullen, overhung on one side by soaring hills, pink with heather bloom, and on the other by a massive array of great grey rocks, glaring in the sunlight in fantastic masses of light and shade. Further on, about midway in his journey, lay at some distance to his right the little town of Foxford, where the river Moy foamed over the falls of Bealass, and rushed onward past "Cromwell's Rock," marking the spot where the grim Protector's army was said to have crossed the stream. The place was in the hands of the insurgents, and the green flag waved from the roof and window; for, on learning the English defeat at Castlebar, Gen. Taylor's troops and the Carbineers and other fugitives from Ballina (to avoid whom Humbert made the long detour west of Lough Conn) had hastily evacuated the "Key of Tyrawly," as Foxford was once called, and retreated towards Ballaghdereen.

"In this quarter, at all events, British rule is decidedly *non est*, and the King's writ a confirmed nullity for the time being," he mused as he rode onward; "how long it shall remain so depends entirely upon the progress of the fleet of Hardi."

A cheer greeted him as, having completed his journey of about seventeen miles, he rode into his native town and drew rein before Ballina House. Groups of insurgents, mostly armed with pikes, were standing about in all directions. Three officers who were chatting and smoking in front of the mansion, accosted him eagerly as he dismounted. They were the French commandant, [illegible], Capt. O'Keane, and Maj Bellew.

"Oho, citizen Colonel, is it you? Pray give us the latest from headquarters."

"How goes the Irish Republic? Do its assignats increase in public esteem?"

"How do our friends carry themselves—Humbert and Sarazin, Teeling and Tone, and all the rest of tha brave fellows?'

Barrett rapidly answered the questions which were showered upon him. When he explained the nature of this particular dispatch his interlocutors' faces grew grave: matters were evidently becoming critical when Humbert required his feeble reserve to the front.

In reply to his chief query there was but a brief and depressing reply. No appearance yet of the troops of Hardi.

In his father's house, to which he had only time to pay a flying visit, a hearty and gratified welcome met Barrett, followed by more eager inquiries for news from the "seat of war"—indeed it was inquiry and inquiry everywhere he went, so intense was the general feeling of suspense and anxiety.

"Queer doings around here, my boy, since you left," remarked Dr. Barrett, with an ominous shake of his white head; "the reb—ahem—the insurgents are playing the mischief generally, and it seems without curb or control, though, indeed, Capt. O'Keane and some others do their best to stop the bad work. The chief Orangemen are catching it hot, or their houses rather; the descendants of Cromwellians are experiencing a *dies iræ*. I don't like it. Cuffe, Lord Tyrawly, is of rank Cromwellian descent, but what was to be gained by plundering his mansion of Deel Castle, as has been done! Arthur Vaughan, of Carrowmore, is of the same kidney—the fighting Maj Owen Vaughan got a fat slice of the lands of our family—but I'd pause before burning his house, for all that. Patrick, you should see about putting a stop to such excesses."

"Indeed, father, we are all doing our best in that direction, not only here, but all over the district, for, unfortunately, a good many of the people—they are but human—are inclined to retaliate upon their late oppressors to the extent of looting their houses. I trust matters are not so bad around Killala."

"Rather worse, I should say, than they are here, although, by the way, your friend Ferdy O'Donnell, now holds some command there. This impetuous little sister of his is quite on the rack to see him, so that your mission is most *apropos*. Now, Maeve, my dear, you are most fortunate; you see you will have a most attentive escort to Killala."

Barrett expressed his gratification at such a pleasing duty, and Maeve claimed a few minutes' grace in order to prepare for her journey. Her quick eye had caught a dark tell-tale stain—a relic of "the Races"—on the green scarf she had embroidered, and as she repaired to her room she shuddered with a new and thrilling sensation of dread. Lover and brother, both in peril!

"I have been transferred to Killala, and will accompany you thither," said Major Bellew to Barrett. Curiosity prompted the latter to take a brief stroll through the town, when, as he and the Major approached the house in Garden street which had been occupied by the Rev. Mr. Nelligan, J P., a motley crowd, which had evidently been engaged in looting, rushed away from it in alarm.

"Oh, you rascals, I wish I may catch one of you!" shouted the Major angrily, shaking his fist. "I actually posted a proclamation on that house threatening death to anyone who interfered with it, and here the scoundrels impudently ignore myself and my notice. The parson was not a bad fellow, you know," he continued, addressing Patrick; "he could sing a good song—ay, and write one too—crack a good joke, and many a time I enjoyed the abundance of his table. Why, when he and West and some other loyalists were riding away to Sligo, the morning the French took possession here, I offered to accompany the good souls if they'd only provide me, ha! ha! with a horse, but, faith, they couldn't oblige me, and I was left like another Richard the Third."

The street in front of the clergyman's house was littered with papers. Patrick, casually examining some of them, noticed that they were valuable—diocesan and parochial records, original wills, etc—and he carefully collected them to put them in a place of safety. He started as he came upon a document containing a list of names, among them his own—the list which was furnished by the United Irish emissary, Reynolds, when bound to the triangle at Boyle. This he handed with a smile to the Major.

"Phew!" was the surprised exclamation of the latter, as he examined the formidable indictment. "What a cool one Parson Nelligan is, to be sure, and how nicely he concealed his opinion of the whole of us. Why, there's enough here to hang a parish!'

"I have seen another similar list—at Castlebar," said Patrick, with vivid recollection of the document of doom, with its ominous red crosses, which had been taken from the pocket of Pierce Crofton.'

"Have you, egad! Why, this is a veritable reign of terror document, just such a list of *condamnees* as one of Robespierre's emissaries might have presented to the jailor of the Temple on the morning of a grand guillotine carnival. No matter, we shall fight all the better with ropes round our necks if only that infernal Hardy would turn up with his reinforcements.

Soon afterwards our courier resumed his journey, in company with the Major and Maeve.

The latter, in her dark green riding dress and plumed beaver, looked a most fascinating little beauty, a circumstance which her fiance noted with due and visible appreciation. She rode a hardy little pony, on which, by the way, she had accomplished the journey, forty miles or thereabouts, from her home in Erris—a regular traveling feat in those days, during the performance of a portion of which the animal's feet had to be strapped to flat boards to prevent them sinking in the bog, for in that pre macadam period the western route over a vast stretch of moorland was indicted only by a succession of small heaps or mounds.

Elated at the prospect of seeing her brother and hearing news from their remote home by Broad Haven, she conversed merrily as she rode along, retailing to Barrett the local gossip of the past week, dealing with incidents ludicrous and sensational in connection with the absorbing current event. A question of his, put with an assumed commonplace air, had the effect of giving her communications a more gloomy tinge.

"Ah, yes! Poor gentleman, he died in great pain. He was buried at Ardenree, and I am told the sight was a very, very sad one. As they were filling up the grave his sister, poor thing, fainted upon the clay. When she recovered she became as if demented. Poor Miss Fortescue! her brother's death has been a terrible blow to her. Everybody pities her. I saw her pass yesterday in her carriage; she was dressed, of course, in black, and so pale and worn one could scarcely know her."

The queriest became thoughtful and silent. Notwithstanding the recollection of that red marked list, and the desire of sweeping vengeance therein signified, he could not suppress a feeling of intense pity, almost of remorse.

Great was the astonishment of the party when, on coming in sight of Killala, they beheld a flotilla of warships riding on the blue bosom of the bay.

"Hardy's squadrom at last!" conjectured Barrett aloud, with swift feeling of hope and exultation.

A white puff darted from the side of a a trim frigate, and the report of a cannon boomed over sea and land. A small trading vessel which lay at the quay was seen in flames.

"No French vessels those," elclaimed Major Bellew; "my eyes are not so dim as not to discover the Union Jack floating, by heaven, at the peak of that accursed frigate. The game is up. These are English ships, engaged in blockading the port. We are now surrounded by both sea and land!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

What, my dear Maeve, you here! And my friend, Pat Barrett, as I live! How do you do, old comrade? Major Bellew, I salute you. And what a time you have all come to Killala!"

The speaker a stalwart young man of frank and pleasing countenance, eagerly approached the individuals he addressed as they dismounted at the gate of the castle of Killala. Ferdinand O'Donnell, brother of our heroine, had but recently arrived in Killala, having accompanied thither the fugitive magistrate Kirkwood, who had sought shelter with him in his home in the wilds of Erris. He wore, however, the green sash, sword, and pistols of an insurgent officer; for the French commandant, Col. Charost, at once recognizing his superior ability and intelligence, had appointed him captain, in which post he showed himself very useful in preserving order and discipline among the peasant levies.

"Our friends yonder in the bay have just fired a salute in honor, no doubt, of your arrival," he said, with a laugh, indicating where the sails of the English squadron were seen beyond the smoke of the burning schooner.

"Oh, Ferdy, how can you jest at such a dreadful time," said his sister, whose looks naturally betokened alarm.

"Simply to reassure you, achorra. You seem as if you expect a flight of shells to come bursting about our ears at any moment. Don't be afraid; those sea-dogs know better than imperil the lives and property of their Orange sympathizers here in our midst."

"What men of war are these?" inquired Patrick.

"Lord Ranelagh's squadron—the Doris, Melampus, and Cerebus frigates, the Fox and Hurler cutters. Up to this they have achieved or attempted nothing beyond setting on fire two sloops and taken prisoners seven Frenchmen who manned one of them, which was laden with oatmeal. The gun you just heard was fired at some poor people who were trying to save some of the meal. Otherwise," continued O'Donnell facetiously, "there is not much ground for commercial anxiety; the trade of Killala is not likely to suffer severely by this formidable blockade of the port."

As Barrett passed through the courtyard on his way to seek the commandant he noticed a large group of men throwing off the red uniforms of the Irish militia and donning instead the blue coats of the French Republic. These were fifty three men of the Longford Militia who had joined the French at Castlebar, and marched thence, with their coats turned, to Killala, to be duly attired and equipped.

An individual also undergoing military transformation was Billy Moran, who, as he discarded with seeming contumely his yeoman garb and thrust his burly figure into a blue tunic, appeared to highly enjoy the applauding shouts of a ring of insurgent spectators and the chagrin painted on the faces of some gazing loyalists.

"Hullo, Colonel," shouted the ex-sergeant of the Tyrawly Cavalry, as he caught sight of Barrett, "what d'ye think of this?—doesn't it become wan betther than that ould scarlet jacket I've just kicked into the gutther? This is the rale color for a good Irishman, this an' the immortal green, an'well we'll both be rewarded sor wearin' them. Hurroo! Vive la! Erin go Bragh!"

Barrett passed on, experiencing a certain feeling of loathing; he could not repress a strong sense of disbelief in the sincerity of the neophyte, notwithstanding all this demonstrative bravado.

Col Charost's brow knitted as he perused Humbert's dispatch ordering the immediate march, to join the main body, of the French reserve of two hundred men.

The commandant was about 45, of stalwart frame, inclined to corpulency, easy and even languid manner, cheerful countenance, a blemish in one eye. The surges of war which had made him their sport, heaving him about like a log, seemed to have imbued him with a phlegmatic coolness and slowness which often aroused the gorge of his more ardent Irish associates. The son of a Parisian watchmaker, he had married a wealthy lady of St. Domingo, whose plantation yielded about two thousand pounds a year, but wife, child, plantation and all were lost to him by the war which broke out in that fair island. Wife and daughter he had not seen for six years —had not even heard of them for three Embracing arms as a means of support, he he served under King Louis, afterwards uneer the Republic. A month previously, when living with a brother at Rochelle, he received three days' notice to embark with the army of Humbert. Little wonder that, while the smoke of his cheroot halved around his fat, florid face, with its *laissez-faire* expression, Col. Charost opened his superior's dispatch with tardy gravity, and read it with seeming indifference.

"The reserve required to the front," he commented, speaking in his native tongue; "morbleu! and this place to be left undefended, save by a handful of raw Irish peasants, while the English bulldogs are barking at us out there in the bay. Myself and Ponson to remain here for the preservation of order. Hear you that, Monsieur l'Eveque?" he said, turning to Dr. Stock, who stood near at hand, engaged in conversation with a local loyalist.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh na Sealga.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"A Oscair sguir dod' ghlór,
Ni caint do dhearbhas acht gníomh;
Feachmaoidne as cómhair cháich
Neart ár lámh agus ár mbrigh."

Tógbhas Osgar a gheur lann
'S do léim Conán ameasg cháich;
Fuagras cumairc air an bh-Féinn
Is furtacht féin as péin bháis.

Ro éirighe an Fhiann go garg
Ag cosg Osgair na n-arm n-áigh,
Roimh mo mhac a's Conán maol,
Gur ceangladh sith agus páirt.

D'fhiafruigh Caoilte an treas feacht
Do mhac Cumhail nár chleacht tár
"Cia aca do Thuatha Dé
Do mhill do ghné mar atá?"

"Inghean Ghuilinn," do ráidh Fionn,
"Geasa am' cheann do chuir si,
Dul fa bhruach na locha shnámh,
D'fhághail an fháil do thuit síos."

"Nár fhillmaoidne slán ó'n g-cnoc,"
Do ráidh Chonáin nár bh'olc méin,
"Go n-focfaidh Guileann gan mhoill.
Mar g-cuiridh Fionn 'nna chruth féin."

Chruinnigheamar anoir 's an iar,
Chuireamar sgiath faoi go deas,
Sliabh Guilinne ó d-tuaidh
Tugadh Fionn air ghuailnibh fear.

Air feadh ocht n-oidhche a's ocht lá
Dhúinn gan spás tochailt na h-uaimh',
Go d-tainig chugainn amach
Guileann go prap as an uaimh.

Cuach cearnach agus é lán,
Do bhí a láimh Ghuilinn chóir,
Do mhac Cumhail nar mhaith gné,
Gur thoirbhir sé an corn óir.

Air n-ól digh dhó as an g-corn,
'S é 'nna luidhe air fhód go fann,
Thainig a chruth féin 's a niamh,
Air righ na bh-Fiann 's na n-each seang.

Leigmaoid trí gártha grod,
Do chuirfeadh broic as gach gleann;—
A Phadruig nach fial fo'n m-biadh,
An g-cuala tú riamh an t-sealg?

[CRIOCH.]

A Money Maker.

It is so hard to get employment now and so hard to make money, that I know others would like to know how they can make a little money, as I have done. Tell your subscribers they can get all the jewelry, table-ware, knives, forks and spoons they can plate, and make $25 a week. The plating outfit costs $5. I bought mine from H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. It plates gold, silver and nickel. I did $4 70 worth of plating the first day. The work is done so nicely that everybody seeing it wants work done. This machine is the greatest money maker I ever saw. Why should any one be out of employment or out of money, when they can, by using my experience, always have money in the house and have a little to spend too? Any one can get circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus Ohio. K JARRETT.

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A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity —virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

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ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

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[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

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[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

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A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

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INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

HURRILD TO ETERNITY.

Awful Result of a Tugboat Boiler Explosion.

EIGHT PEOPLE KILLED OUTRIGHT

And a Large Number Injured by Flying Debris—The Disaster Occurs While Crowds of People Are Watching the Efforts of Tugboats to Release a "Stuck" Steamer—Three Lives Lost in a New York Tenement House.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—There was a rumbling noise, a puff of smoke, a shower of missiles, a consternation too great for flight, then eight dead and many wounded human beings were lying on the shore or sinking or struggling in the foul water. The scene immediately preceding this had been interesting enough in its way, and a crowd had gathered at the Archer avenue bridge over the south branch of the Chicago river. A steamer was stuck fast in the draw and four tugs with ropes stretched taut were pulling vainly to get her free. The tug C. W. Parker was one of these. Herr boiler burst andwhen the debris had settled and the smoke had cleared away nothing was left of her but the prow.

When the Explosion Occurred.

The explosion occurred with awful suddenness, and for several seconds those who witnessed it were paralyzed, and forgot to escape from the impending destruction by the flying missiles which filled the air. When the explosion occurred the C. W. Parker was in midstream, and about forty feet from the stern of the Pickands on the latter's starboard side. A terrific storm of pieces of woodwork, deck-fittings, ironwork, and fragments of machinery tore through the air with the violence of bombshells. Showers of cutting splinters swept in all directions. With the tug disappeared the master, James B. Carter; John C. Moore, the engineer, and Samuel Armstrong, the cook. Joseph Cullen, the fireman, and Henry Bell, a deckhand, were thrown into the water, but not before they had both received injuries.

Rescue of Two of the Men.

Cullen was fearfully burned and scalded, as his position in the firehold caused him to be deluged with escaping water and steam. He was rescued by the crew of the tug Van Schaick, the captain of which with great promptness cast off his towing rope and went to the rescue. The crew of the Pickands immediately lowered a boat and pulled to the spot, but by that time Bell had paddled to the west bank and was drawn out by willing hands. Of all the crew of the ill-fated tug he is the only one who stands a chance of life. He was badly scalded about the hands and face and his left leg is temporarily paralyzed. The shattered boiler of the tug was lifted bodily and hurled a distance of 500 feet through the air, landing in a heap of rubbish in the Union rolling mill works on the west bank. The boat's anchor was also thrown with irresistible force a distance of about four hundred feet and landed in Archer avenue.

Three Killed by One Fragment.

A large piece of the furnace door was shot out of the wreck and crushed down amid the throng of people who crowded the eastern abutment of the bridge on Archer avenue. It struck Mrs. Mary Rice and her daughter Barbara. It mercilessly crushed the life out of the mother, while inflicting a mortal wound in the little 18-months-old child at her side. An unknown man, whose appearance bespeaks the occupation of a mechanic, was also stricken down in death close to Mrs. Rice. The sudden rain of death-dealing fragments having ceased the uninjured crowded around the dead bodies.

The List of Dead.

The eight persons killed outright were: James B. Carter, captain of the tug Parker, residence 53 Pine street, married, but no children; John C. Moore, Highland Park, engineer of the tug Parker, unmarried; Samuel Armstrong, Manistee, Mich., cook of the tug Parker, recently came to Chicago; Samuel Sawyer, 3435 Bloom street, switchman in the employ of the Union Rolling mill of the Illinois Steel company, recently married, aged 21 years; Bartholomew Curtin, 3239 Paulina street, 10 years old; Mrs. Mary Rice, 3013 Archer avenue, 23 years of age; Barbara Rice, 18 months old, infant daughter of Mrs. Mary Rice; unknown man about 30 years old, had a brown mustache, dark complexion and wore navy blue coat and vest and blue jeans trousers.

HOLOCAUST IN NEW YORK.

Four People Burned to Death and One Other Fatally Injured.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—A fire occurred in the five-story tenement house at the corner of Hudson and Dominick streets, shortly after 2 o'clock Monday morning. All the occupants except five persons were rescued with difficulty. William Murphy, his wife and two stepchildren occupied the fifth floor. Mrs. Murphy climbed through the top door of the roof, her clothing being in flames. There she burned slowly to death. Her charred corpse was found on the roof by the firemen. Josephine Ryan, a 5-year-old child who was visiting the Murphy family was burned to death in her bed. Two stepchildren of the Murphy's, Martin and John Toughey, were severely burned and their recovery is doubtful. The pecuniary loss is small.

Two More Victims.

LATER—Katie Dunn, aged 20, who boarded with the Murphys, was found in her bed asphyxiated by smoke. John Toughey died shortly after being taken to the hospital. The fire started in a wood shed in the basement, and quickly igniting the gas meters the flames rushed up the elevator shaft to the top floor, where the Murphy family lived.

Fatal Boiler Explosion at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 5.—A boiler of the Tudor Iron works, East St. Louis, exploded at 6 o'clock Monday morning, wrecking the boiler house and fatally scalding John House, fireman, and George Webster. House's skull is cracked, his eyes are burned out and flesh is falling from the body. Webster's arms and legs were frightfully scalded. Both will die. William Murphy was scalded and bruised quite seriously. Michael Burns had one hand torn off and was burned. He was struck by a flying piece of the boiler.

Killed by Cable and Train.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—Louis Beager, a negro, while trying to board a crowded cable train at Twenty-seventh and State streets fell under the wheels and was killed. His body was taken home in the patrol wagon. Walter Denghan, a 6-year-old boy, was run over and killed by a Grand Trunk train at the Forty-ninth street crossing. The body was taken to the boy's home at 4758 Dryer street.

Pennsylvania Mine Horror.

POTTSVILLE, Oct. 5.—By the explosion in Richardson colliery John Magasky, a Polander, was killed, and James Grant and Thomas Conville seriously injured. The men entombed in the mine are: Thomas Clancy, John Lawler, James Simmons, Michael Welsh, and John Pursell, all married, and John Cusick, a Polander, single. There is no hope of recovering them alive.

Four Men Drowned.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 5.—Two freight cars were run off the transfer steamer Charles Marian and drowned four men. The cars were loaded with wheat and flour. Two tramps were in each car. The train was backed with more than ordinary force into the boat, causing the hind cars to break over the bumpers and pitch headlong into the water.

Woman Burned to Death.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct 5.—Mrs. Hannah Evans, aged 52, was burned to death at her home on East Thirteenth street. Her clothing caught fire while she was lighting a pipe.

BOSTON WINS THE PENNANTS.

Both the League and Association Clubs Are the Victors

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—The League base ball season ended Saturday, the clubs standing in the following order: Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Pittsburg. There is great dissatisfaction over the result, as many think Chicago was beaten out of first place by a conspiracy. The Association season has not closed yet, but Boston is so far in the lead that it is impossible to wrest the pennant from that club.

An Anti-Catholic Mobbed.

KENOSHA, Wis., Oct. 5.—A stranger here, Pat Welsh, lectured here in Theleen's hall, taking for his subject, "Why I left the Roman Catholic Church." A crowd of toughs was present, who frequently interrupted the speaker and threatened his life. When he left the hall he was followed by a mob of 150 or more. Stones and clubs were thrown at him, one of which struck him on the head. He finally succeeded in reaching his boarding house. At 6 o'clock the house was surrounded by a mob which was outspoken in threats against Welsh. The entire police force was called out to restore order.

Will Be Sent to the Pacific.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 5.—It is announced that the cruisers Boston and Atlanta will be sent to the Pacific for service at an early date. The alarming news from China and the constantly growing demand for more vessels in the Pacific has forced Secretary Tracy to make this disposal of these vessels. The vessels will probably go to Chili to relieve the Baltimore and San Francisco which are in need of repairs. The dissolution of the squadron of evolution it can also be positively stated will follow the detachment of these vessels.

Failure at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5.—R. B. Graham & Co., the well known flour dealers at 1914 Market street, have made an assignment to the City Trust and Safe Deposit company. The liabilities are about $46,000. The firm has been in existence upward of a quarter of a century and was always regarded as a conservative house. They did a good and safe business, but got caught in the succession of failures incidental to the failure of the Spring Garden bank. They were losers by the bank failure.

The Case of Dr. Briggs.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—The New York presbytery assembled for the fall session Monday. The case of Dr. Briggs of the Union Theological seminary, accused of heresy, will come before the body. The indictment against him charges violation of the vows of ordination taken upon his becoming a Presbyterian minister. Utterances of Dr. Briggs during the present year alleged to be contrary to the confession of faith are cited as specifications. Dr. Briggs will conduct his own defense.

Gladstone at New Castle.

NEW CASTLE, Oct. 5.—The town hall presented an animated and brilliant appearance Saturday. Choice plants and flowers added materially to the beauty of the scene. There were present almost as many tastefully dressed women as there were men. The mayor presided and Mr. Gladstone who was enthusiastically welcomed spoke briefly, supporting the theory of free trade. After the meeting Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone returned to Hawarden.

Fishing Vessels and Crews Lost.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Oct. 5.—Two vessels, the Parze and the Amazon, returning from Labrador laden with fish, were overtaken by the recent violent storm, driven ashore, and became total wrecks. The captains and crews, numbering ten or eleven men, were all drowned. In the same gale the Blossom, another Labrador vessel, on her return struck on Gull Island, Notre Dame bay, and went to pieces. Four or five men perished.

Fell into a Vat of Hot Water.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—Rowell Gasch, an employe of Libby, McNeil & Libby's packing house, was fatally scalded Friday while at work in the hog scalding room. He was working at the huge vat of hot water when he slipped and fell in. He was rescued as soon as possible and taken to the county hospital, where he died. Gasch was 25 years old, was single, and lived at 386 West Eighteenth street.

Presidential Appointment.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—The president has appointed Lieutenant Colonel Charles T. Alexander chief medical purveyor of the army, to succeed Colonel Vollum, lately retired. The position is next in importance to that of surgeon general.

Mrs. Frank Leslie Married.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Mrs. Frank Leslie was married Sunday night to William C. Kingsbury Wilde of London. Mr. Wilde is a brother of Oscar Wilde. The ceremony was private.

Iowa Mayor Impeached.

HAMBURG, Oct. 5.—The bitter fight between the city council and Mayor C. McFarland has terminated in the impeachment of the mayor and his removal from office.

It is Papa Cleveland Now

NEW YORK, Oct. [illegible].—Mrs. Cleveland has become a mother. The new comer in the ex-Presidents family is a daughter.

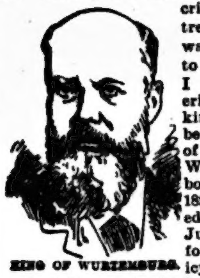
THE FOREIGN BUDGET.

Old World News Notes of General Interest.

THE KING OF WURTEMBURG DEAD.

He Was Born in March, 1823 and Succeeded to the Throne in 1864—Sudden Death of Rt. Hon. William Henry Smith — Newspaper Comments of the Abundance of Royal Descendants—A Frightful Explosion of Gas in Berlin.

STUTGART, Oct. 6.—King Karl I of Wurtemberg is dead. The death of the king occurred at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning. He had been ill for some time past and Monday his condition became so critical that extreme unction was administered to him. Charles I (Charles Frederick Alexander), king of Wurtemberg, eldest son of the late King William I, was born March 6, 1823, and succeeded to the throne June 25, 1864. He followed the policy of his father on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and formed one of the minor states party in the diet. His majesty on July 13, 1846, married the Grand Duchess Olga-Nicolajewna, daughter of Nicholas I, late czar of Russia



KING OF WURTEMBURG.

Sir William Henry Smith Dead.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Rt. Hon. William Henry Smith, first lord of the treasury; government leader in the house of commons and lord warden of the Cinque ports, died suddenly Tuesday. He had been ill for some time, but his death was not expected.

QUEEN VIC'S NEW GRANDCHILD.

How the Newspapers Welcome the Little One to the Earth.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—The birth of a grandchild to the queen has given rise to a new crop of the usual comments on the abundance of royal descendants. The radical newspapers generally give the little one a cold welcome. The Pall Mall Gazette prints a list of forty grandchildren of Queen Victoria and points out that there is comfort in the reflection that the succession is safe. This seems to be the only comfort the taxpayers extract from the situation. The baby will, however, be no additional burden for the present to the British treasury.

A Mere Appendage.

Battenburg and the Princess Beatrice already have a liberal allowance from parliament, and Beatrice besides has the privilege of living on Queen Victoria's bounty, as she accompanies the queen everywhere. Battenburg, who is looked on as a mere appendage of the household, has been called the most unhappy man in Great Britain; but the assertion cannot be true, as, ever since he married Beatrice, he has had enough to eat, whereas in Germany he was in very precarious circumstances.

Parnell Refused to Agree.

DUBLIN, Oct. 6.—John Dillon publishes correspondence had between Parnell and himself wherein the former proposes that Parnell appoint two of his supporters and Justin McCarthy two of his, the four gentlemen thus appointed to form a committee whose duty it would be to distribute the funds now on deposit in Paris for the relief of evicted Irish tenants. Parnell's reply to this offer is a refusal to agree thereto. Parnell insists that he, himself, in conjunction with McCarthy, shall consider all claims appertaining to the distribution of the fund. The correspondence leaves the matter still unsettled.

Siam Wants British Protection.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—A dispatch from Calcutta says that the king of Siam seriously meditates asking England to take the country under her protection in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of France, and that England will be asked ere long to take the subject into serious consideration. At the present time Siam retains actual independence, and France will have no pretext for interfering should England annex the country.

Frightful Explosion at Berlin.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—A fearful accident is reported from Berlin. A number of workmen were engaged in repairing gas pipe at 2 Markgarden strasse, when, owing to the careless handling of a light, a fearful explosion occurred and six of the workmen were killed. The explosion wrecked the house and also set it on fire, and several persons were injured, besides the workmen who were killed.

Ireland and the World's Fair.

DUBLIN, Oct. 6.—The Dublin corporation has appointed a committee to inquire as to how it is possible to co-operate with other municipal and commercial bodies in Ireland, so as to obtain an Irish section in the great Columbian exposition to be held in Chicago, and as how to financially assist the promoters in obtaining Irish exhibits for this purpose.

Gales on the Irish Sea.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Terrific gales prevail on the Irish sea, and three wrecks have already occurred off Holyhead. Many exciting scenes have been witnessed as the lifeboat crews set out in the midst of mountainous waves to attempt the rescue of the imperiled crews of the wrecked vessels.

Starving Rioters Killed.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 6.—Owing to the famine the workmen at Zawirike, in Poland, paraded the streets and robbed the bakers' shops and other places. The troops were called out and fired on the rioters, killing one workman and wounding several.

Chicago Herald Sued for Libel.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—A $50,000 libel suit was commenced against the Chicago Herald in the superior court Monday morning by Dr. Brandt, the county commissioner. An editorial appeared in a recent issue of The Herald, which did not compliment Mr. Brand on his ability or his methods of procedure as a commissioner, and stated that he was one of a number of rotten members of a rotten board. Dr. Brand therefore calls on The Herald to prove its assertion.

THE CUBAN BANDIT, GARCIA.

Two More Murders Added to His Long List of Crimes.

HAVANNA, Oct. 6.—Intelligence has reached this city of a brutal crime committed by bandits, the scene being the Conformidad plantation, which is situated near Quivican. The well known outlaw, Manuel Garcia, with two other bandits, made an attack upon the residence of Senor P. Hernandez, and killed both him and his wife. When the officer intrusted with that duty searched the body of Senor Hernandez, he found in one of the pockets of his clothing a letter addressed to the civil authorities of Quivican.

Why the Crime Was Committed.

This letter had been written by Garcia, and the supposition is that he placed it in the pocket of his victim to show his contempt of the efforts made by the civil and military authorities to effect the capture of the outlaws. The murdered couple are of French origin. Hernandez was aged 40, and his wife, who was pregnant, was aged 32. Hernandez's head was almost severed from his body. Garcia's letter says: "Hernandez has been my friend since boyhood. I killed him because he tried to deliver me to the guards. I have never before killed a woman, but I killed his wife because she induced him to betray me. I hurt only those who hurt me."

HURRICANE IN MINNESOTA.

Twelve to Fifteen Townships Devastated—Surveying Parties Missing.

GRAND RAPIDS, Oct. 6.—Reports are coming in of the hurricane in the northern pineries. The best calculation to be had shows twelve to fifteen townships devastated, and the loss of timber will reach hundreds of millions of feet. Settlers who escaped are coming out, their timber claims being valueless. Several crews of surveyors are still unheard from. Two others, however, are known to be saved. They are headed by Marsh of Lincoln, Neb., and Arms of Bay City, Mich. Among the missing is County Surveyor E. R. Lewis of this county, who being overdue from a trip toward Rainy river is feared to be lost.

The Trial of M. B. Curtis.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 6.—The contradictory testimony of Henry Jeralsen, formerly a gardener for Maurice B. Strellinger, (Curtis the actor), caused something of a sensation in the courtroom Monday. On Saturday Jeralsen testified that the pistol found the scene of the murder of Officer Grant belonged to Strellinger. Monday Jeralsen took the stand and said that his testimony of Saturday was false and that he testified to what the police had told him to say. He said that he had never seen the pistol in Strellinger's possession The nippers found on Strellinger's wrists were identified as those belonging to Officer Grant.

Election in Connecticut.

HARTFORD. Oct. 6.—The election in this city and surrounding towns was generally conducted in a quiet manner. The result shows no great change from last year except in the case of Waterbury, where the election proved a great surprise. Mayor Baldwin, Dem., is defeated The Republicans also captured the common council. Canton, Glastonbury, Sinsbury, Wethersfield, West Hartford, East Cranby, Bristol, Winchester and New Hartford went Republican, and Bloomfield, Newington, East Hartford, Meriden and New Britain Democratic.

Tried to Ford a Swift River.

OMAHA, Oct. 6.—A special from Fairbury, Neb., says: While attempting to ford the Little Blue river near this town yesterday, Albert Hermann drove his horses into too swift water and the outfit was carried down the stream. The wagon overturning, Mrs. Hermann and two children were drowned. Herman after a hard effort succeeded in bringing his wife out of the water, but she died shortly afterward.

Jumped from a Burning Building.

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—A slight fire occurred in the three-story tenement house, 10 Nashua street, Monday night. A family of the name of Kelly, living in the upper story, became panic-stricken and jumped from the windows. The family consisted of father and mother and two children, and all were more or less severely hurt. The children are thought to have received fatal injuries.

Fell on His Babe and Killed It.

LEXINGTON, Va., Oct. 6.—John Hostetter, a well-to-do farmer residing near here, accidentally killed his 2-year-old babe Sunday night. The child was asleep on the floor, covered with its father's overcoat. The father who had been lying on a bed near by arose; and in doing so stumbled and fell upon the infant, his knees striking it in the abdomen killing it instantly.

Perished in the Flames.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 6.—Six cheap frame tenement houses at Braddock were destroyed by fire at an early hour Tuesday morning. The flames were caused by a lamp explosion. James McGuire, aged 28, a laborer at the Edgar Thomson steel works, was burned to death. He was sleeping in the house where the fire originated.

There Are Millions of Seals.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 6.—Professor James Macoun, of the Canadian geological survey, who accompanied the British commissioners to Behring sea, writing to the government officials here says the commissioners were astounded to note the plentifulness of the seals. At St. Paul's island alone fully 500,000 seals were in sight.

Minister Sentenced to Prison.

READING, Pa., Oct. 6.—Rev. Phillip H. Garrett, a well known United Brethren minister, was sentenced to one year imprisonment Monday. He had previously been convicted of defrauding an insurance company. He broke down completely as he was led from court and wept bitterly.

Part of a Shipwrecked Crew Rescued.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Oct. 6.—Captain Fitzgerald of the brigantine Arctic from Bristol Aug. 24 for Harbor Grace, picked up nine of the crew of the steamer Wolseton, lost Sept. 15 in mid Atlantic. The captain and the remainder of the crew are supposed to have been drowned.

A Virginia Postoffice Robbed.

NORFOLK, Va., Oct. 6.—Early Sunday morning thieves broke into the postoffice at Berkeley and secured everything of value that could be obtained. Eight hundred dollars in stamps and change was secured, besides a number of registered letters.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

It is proposed to redeem a large district now covered with marshes near Ludinghausen, Westphalia. The scheme if successful will enable 20,000 acres of now useless land to be placed under cultivation.

The cricket match between Lord Hawke's eleven and the gentlemen of Philadelphia has been concluded, the Americans winning by eight wickets.

Last Saturday the visible supply of grain was: Wheat, 26,861,537 bushels; increase, 2,317,923 bushels. Corn, 8,887,009 bushels; decrease, 362,326 bushels.

An offer of $35,000 was refused for the stallion Delmarch, which made a mile in 2:12 at Cambridge City, Ind., last week.

Frosts have destroyed the barley crop, the chief food product in the interior of Russia. Cattle are dying of the plague and famine threatens the inhabitants.

In the London grain market foreign wheat is steadier, through prices are against sellers.

Advices from China report that the riots in the interior and at the north continue. Pirates have attacked villages, and in one instance drove out the inhabitants and burned the houses.

A prisoner escaped from the hands of the police at Marseilles. He killed one policeman and cut himself so severely with a sword that he died. Besides, three policemen were dangerously wounded.

A five-foot vein of coal has been struck near Delavan, Ills., at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface.

Lightning struck the barn of Matthew T. Scott near Bloomington, Ills., causing a loss of $10,000.

John Wolff fatally shot John Dudley at Zaleski, O. Wolf charged Dudley with being too intimate with his (Wolf's) wife, from whom he was divorced recently.

P. W. Meehan, who tried to kill a bookkeeper in the office of the Madison (Wis.) Journal last week, was held for trial in $2,000 bail, and being unable to furnish it went to jail.

The first locomotive ever landed in the town has been received at Charlevoix, Mich. It belongs to the Chicago and West Michigan railroad.

J. H. Kelly, general freight and passenger agent of the Mason City and Fort Dodge road has resigned.

In the Irish census now being issued the first report from Carlow show a decrease in the population since 1881 of 12 per cent.

The salaries of all Pittsburg ball players who draw over $3,000 will be reduced. Beckley says he will join the Association in case that is done.

The safe in the jewelry store of A. A. Hart at Council Bluffs, Ia., was blown open and robbed of its entire contents, valued at $1,000. There is no clew.

Rush Winslow was elected mayor of Appleton, Wis., at a special election.

During a heavy gale the tug Bertha Endress went down near Point Iroquois, Mich., with six men on board, and all perished.

Frank Sweeney was elected grand master of the Switchman's Mutual Benefit association at Philadelphia.

Corkhill's jaw was broken by a pitched ball in the Pittsburg-Cincinnati game.

Frank McClure was accidentally thrown into the gearing of a flouring mill at Blue Springs, Neb., and killed.

An unknown man threw himself in front of a moving train near Almount, Ia. He was frightfully mangled.

Ignatius Donnelly, president of the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance, says that he is in favor of the farmers holding their grain for thirty days more. He has recently issued a circular to that effect.

A faint comet, supposed to be Swift's periodic comet, has been discovered by Professor Barnard at Lick observatory, California.

The most superb lecterne yet dedicated to use in an Episcopal church in this country has been unveiled in the church of All Angels, New York. It is of sculptured bronze, representing the figure of an angel seven feet high, supporting the book-rest and resting upon an elaborate pedestal.

The Cunard company is to build some new boats that are to be as near five-day Atlantic boats as anything yet made. They will be guarateed to average twenty one and one half knots in open sea. They will be ready by the fair year.

Captain D R Shields has concluded a two weeks' temperance crusade at Knoxville, Ia. He has induced 1,300 persons to sign the pledge

Assemblyman Frank P. Demorset of Rockland county, who is under various indictments for forgery, etc., was married in Nyrack, N. Y., to Iantha Shakespeare, daughter of a well known jeweler of that place.

H. C. Diercks of New Almont, Ia., threw himself in front of a train at Lyons, Ia., and was instantly killed. He was about 60 years old.

Heavy rains have been falling in Texas and the government rainmakers are likely to move to drier regions.

Major William McKee Dunn, who was General Grant's aid de camp during the war, died at Cushings Island, Me., aged 48 years.

Bishop Talbot of Wyoming has definitely declined the Georgia bishopric.

Allerton trotted an exhibition mile at Independence, Ia., to beat 2:12, and made it without a skip in 2:10½.

The full amount of the $100,000 stock in the new stock yards and packing house at Fort Madison, Ia., has been subscribed for.

It is reported that the increasing feebleness of the pope is causing alarm.

Sheboygan, Wis., receives $30,000 by the will of the late James H. Mead, $20,000 of which will be used for a public library and the remainder for a hall for boys.

A government circular has been issued in Russia forbidding mention of the famine by the newspapers.

Frank P. Rice was gored to death at Tiffin, O., by a frenzied steer which was being driven through the streets.

A. Judson Dunlap, who died at New York, for a quarter of a century editited the checker department of Turf, Field, and Farm.

The railroad men of Georgia are organizing an alliance, with the purpose to vote as a unit in politics. Every white man who draws a salary from a railway company, whether he be president or switchman, is eligible and expected to join.

Judge Allen G. Thurman left his home at Columbus, O., Thursday, for the first time in three months, to examine a clay bust that has just been completed of him.

Conductor Samuel Morris, 24 years old, was killed in a wreck on the Big Four at Dayton, O. Seven others were seriously injured.

The 4-year-old daughter of James Beverly of Huntington, Ind., was burned so badly while playing with matches that she cannot recover.

Mrs. Morris Blowers eloped from Corwith, N. Y., with Edward Osborne, a photographer. The husband traced his recreant wife to Lake City, Minn., and induced her to return home with him. Osborne was arrested.

Thomas Stephenson, a passenger engineer on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad, living at Elkhart, Ind., accidentally shot and killed himself with a toy rifle.

Insurance Agent Edgar H. Kellogg of Chicago owns up to a shortage in his accounts of $23,000.

James Johnson, city marshal of Antwerp, O., while arresting two burglars in the railroad yards at that place was thrown by them under a freight train and fatally injured.

A new line of steamers, New York to Brazil, it is said, will be established and controlled by Brazilian capital.

R. B. Graham & Co., of Philadelphia, flour dealers, have made an assignment. The liabilities are about $46,000, and the assets $5,000.

Barney Sayers was killed and Richard A. McMillen probably fatally injured by a Big Four train at Mattoon, Ill. McMillen's home is at Fort Covington, N. Y.

President Ezete is said to have declared Guatemalans ready for a plan of consolidating all Central America into one republic.

Miss Jeanette Cochran, daughter of a Boston millionaire lawyer, has become a nun.

A. B. Turner & Bro., bankers, of Boston, made an assignment. The estimated liabilities are $350,000.

A hotel costing $1,000,000 will be erected in St. Louis by outside capitalists who are believed to reside in Chicago.

Robert Bonner said he expected Sunol would go a mile in 2:06 at a public trial soon to be made in California. He also expects Nancy Hanks to beat Maud S's record.

It is said that the Farmers' Alliance in several counties in Kansas is decreasing in membership.

Engine No. 63 on the Panhandle road ran 350,000 miles in three years' time and was still in good condition at the end of her service.

It is said that the Palo Alto university, established by Leland Stanford, has 1,000 more applicants for admission this year than there are accommodations for.

And now cottonwood comes to the front as a sugar factor. A southern grower says its saccharine qualities are fifteen times greater than sugar cane and twenty times stronger than beets.

The chief caterer of fashionable society in Washington is a woman, who occupies a most unpretentious little shop. She has served every president since the days of Harrison's grandfather.

A resident of Antelope Valley, Neb., tells the Reno Gazette that the valley is full of grasshoppers depositing their eggs, and suggests that unless the ground is burned over there will be trouble ahead in a year or two from these pests.

The season at Saratoga just ending has been the most successful since the memorable summer of 1888. For some time during August the proprietors of many of the hotels gave up sending omnibuses to the depot because of their inability to house more guests.

Snow fell steadily Saturday night at Deadwood, S. D. Heavy rain fell at Atchison, Kas., Oshkosh, Wis., and Beatrice, Neb.

David Grant, a boss in the Gem mines at Wallace, Ida., was stabbed to death by Charles H. Stowe, a miner.

A few years since Jericho was one of the most prosperous villages in Van Buren county, Mich. The last building was wiped out by fire.

The first blighting frost of the season visited Fort Dodge, Ia. Corn is safe except patches on low ground; late vegetables were damaged.

John Hartman drove over the edge of an almost perpendicular bluff 100 feet high at Warsaw, Ills., and escaped unhurt.

Terrance Campbell, who has been on trial at Neosho, Mo., on the charge of murdering his 13-year-old daughter, was acquitted.

W. J. Turner, a plumber, fell from a window of the Academy of Music building at Valparaiso, Ind., and was killed.

The Horn Silver mine at 'Frisco, U. T., has closed down because the Union Pacific railroad raised ore rates $2 per ton.

Three grave robbers at Shanshing, China, were stoned to death by the people.

William Patterson, in the state prison at Columbus, O., for attempted murder, has escaped. He was employed in the gas house and climbed over the outer wall.

William Logan, a Taylorville, Ills., blacksmith, shot William Day, one of his employes, in the right wrist. The ball was aimed at Day's head, but he threw up his hand to ward it off. Day is in jail.

An Oshkosh, Wis., girl, the daughter of a rich and prominent citizen, donned male attire and set out to make her own way in the world. She had not gone a block from her home before she ran across a policeman and was arrested.

The smoke of the forest fires in the vicinity of Appleton, Wis., is affecting milk, cheese and butter.

The water in the Madison lakes, Wis., is unusually low. The past summer the swamp and overflowed lands about the lakes have dried considerably.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Rosina Vokes.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Sara Bernhardt.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Wm. H. Crane, "The Senator."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"A Straight Tip."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Two Old Cronies."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Nellie McHenry.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The White Slave."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—N. S. Wood.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

North Clark and Division streets—"Pearl of Pekin."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

South Halstead street near Madison.—Pete Baker.

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

Exposition Building, Michigan avenue, Adams and Monroe streets. Open 8 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily except Sunday.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"J. M.," City.—The Judge James Fitzgerald who recently visited Ireland and had an interview with "Pether the Packer," attorney general for that country, was of New York, and not of St. Mary's, Kansas. Judge James W. Fitzgerald, of the latter place, is a veteran Fenian and would just as soon shake hands with the devil as with "Pether the Packer."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IRELAND'S VACANT CHAIR.

Ireland, the fruitful mother of martyrs, has been called upon to mourn many a gallant son. Her tears keep verdant the sod on many a gory grave, where her bravest and her best have moldered into dust. Those men died by the hand of the foreign enemy, or by the hands of unnatural Irishmen employed by the foreign enemy. Today there is a vacant place in the ranks of the Irish people that a million of ordinary men cannot fill up—Charles Stewart Parnell is dead—dead, struck to the heart by the unweaponed fury of his own thoughtless or ungrateful followers. Not all Ireland struck the blow, but enough of Ireland to fix the blame of this terrible tragedy upon her. She may now flood the tomb of her discrowned hero with the tears of a late repentance, but the face of Charles Stewart Parnell will ever look down upon her with reproach mingled with a glorious pity. He loved her in his inmost soul, and he thought the love was returned, and it was, but under restraint and tutelage.

Centuries of bitter experience have not taught "the most unfortunate of nations" that churchmen, however illustrious, have no place in politics as leaders and guides. Outside of their sacred functions they are as fallible as other mortals. Their hearts are no doubt true to the cause of their mother country, but their policy, as a body, and particularly since the era of the Act of Union, has been a fatal one. The strength of Charles Stewart Parnell was broken by no other power than that of the Catholic hierarchy, for the priests cannot be justly held responsible, since they were compelled to obey the dictates of their superiors. Many noble priests revolted, but they did so to their own humiliation, and the Irish people, cowed by a torrent of political theology emanating in particular from the sees of Dublin and Cashel, acquiesced, as a majority, in the shameful course that doomed their greatest modern leader and benefactor to a premature grave. Yes, even in death the fierce lash of the archbishop of Dublin pursues the illustrious victim, and all Irishmen, whether clerics or laymen, must blush when they read the most bitter, unforgiving, uncharitable fulmination that ever issued from a prelate's pen. THE CITIZEN, out of charity to the archbishop of Dublin, will not reproduce it.

But what matters it to Parnell who now lies dead in Brighton, on English soil? His troubles are all over, but the travail of his country still proceeds in agony and bloody sweat. Of all the countries of the world she alone, the sufferer by a foreign yoke, has also to bear the brand of domestic thraldom, exercised by those who, in any other land, would be forced into dignified retirement. The political attitude assumed by most the hirarchy of Ireland is, fortunately for religion, not imitated in any other country. France put a stop to such meddling in 1789; Italy in 1860, and the other civilized countries of the world, including these United States, have never allowed hierarchs to constitute themselves the censors of the people in matters outside the functions which they were solemnly ordained and consecrated to perform.

That the hierarchy of Ireland possess a tremendous political power in that country cannot be denied, because Parnell is in his grave chiefly on that account; that it is dangerous to the prosperity of any paper, supported by an almost exclusively Irish and Catholic constituency, to protest against that power, here or elsewhere, is also frankly admitted by THE CITIZEN, but, in spite of this, and no matter what wrath may descend upon its head, it feels impelled to declare the truth, the whole truth as it sees and understands it, and, while yielding to the hierarchy of Ireland all that is due to them as pure and faithful guides of faith and morals, it must enter here its humble but solemn protest against their abuse of inevitable influence with a simple and loving people in matters temporal and political. If the Irish people have not the strength of mind and character to overthrow once and for all time the political dictation of their prelates, they can never shatter the yoke of England.

Mr. Parnell's death came so suddenly and unexpectedly that many at first refused to credit the deplorable news. It seemed impossible that he, who fills such a space in Anglo Irish history, who was so brave and so resourceful, should be cut off in the very fulness of his prime. He had just completed his 45th year—a year younger than Napoleon and Wellington were when they fought at Waterloo. He was thirty seven years younger than Gladstone, who, with the Irish hierarchy and the ingrate majorities of the three constituencies, fought for since the secession, and the seceders themselves, must share the awful responsibility of the Irish leader's sad and early doom.

Charles Stewart Parnell was of mixed Saxon and Celtic origin—the former, perhaps, predominating. He came of that dauntless Irish Protestant stock which gave to the most desperate of causes the lion heart of Lord Edward; the splendid persistency of Wolfe Tone; the calm courage of Thomas Russell; the chivalric enthusiasm of Robert Emmet and the holy hatred of John Mitchel. By his mother's side he was commingled Irish and American and it is an undoubted fact that he had in his remarkable composition the royal and warlike blood of the violent but august Plantagenets. It was always a matter of great pride with the departed hero that his great-grandfather, Sir John Parnell, bore the proud title of "The Incorruptible" in the Irish parliament, and that his grandfather, Commodore Stewart, was better known as "Old Ironsides," the pride of the American navy in the war of 1812 That Parnell possessed the courage and the talents of his warlike ancestors can hardly be doubted, but he was wise, as well as brave, and knew that there was no immediate prospect of inaugurating a physical force movement against the English government with any hope of success. But he never, like so many other Irish parliamentary leaders, condemned by word or act the principle of armed resistance under certain conditions. He never, in all his fine career, condemned the unfortunate Irish tenant farmers for defending their homes against the evictors, even if a landlord, an agent or a chief of police was occasionally made to bite the dust by the maddened people. The only Irish act of violence that he ever condemned publicly, and he was sincere in his condemnation, was the killing of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phœnix Park, Dublin, in May, 1882.

Educated, like his glorious predecessor in Irish leadership, Hugh O'Neill, among the English, he knew every phase of their character—their strong as well as their weak points. An Englishman generally hates opposition of any kind, whether exercised against himself or his country, and nobody better knew how to throw the commonly phlegmatic "Anglo-Saxons" into a boiling and ungovernable rage than Parnell. He delighted in seeing them angry and making exhibitions of themselves, for this descendant of Cromwellian swordsmen hated the English with more than a Celtic hatred. His hatred of them was cold and persistent, because he had often been exasperated by their taunts when a student in their colleges. He had a fearless heart, and an arm strung like steel, and he never hesitated to avenge Ireland by striking from the shoulder when some insolent English youth reflected in his presence upon her or her people.

A distinguished member of the Irish party once related to us an anecdote of Parnell which deserves to live forever in the memory of his countrymen. It was after one of those stormy debates in the house of commons, when the late Joseph Biggar was the Irish leader's most efficient lieutenant in obstruction tactics. The young Tories were more than usually violent, and some of them almost advanced to the fighting point. Parnell stood in front of them with his arms folded, his proud eyes flashing defiance. Suddenly he turned to the gentleman who related the story to us, and hissed between his set teeth, "Damn it ——, why can't we turn in and fight these cads?"

Well, he is gone. Let the bells toll, and the *caoine* be chanted, as it was sung above the graves of Art MacMurrough, Shane Dymas and Owen Roe. Let Ireland, if she can, make amends to the son who was killed by an unkindness the memory of which must be to her an eternal sorrow. Let her "hold the breath, and quench the hearth and with ashes strew the head." She will place a monument above his last resting place around which the clouds will linger to remind her of the chief who, when she was striving blindly in the mists of defeat, bade the sun shine forth and led her from obscurity to fame—from nonentity to a place in the consideration of the nations. Faults he had, it is true; but they were not the faults of a bad heart or an evil mind. He erred, like David, and like the Hebrew king, his glory shall outlive his error. Whatever may be Ireland's fate in future, from her lips shall be uttered the song of sorrow, and the sweetest tones of her deathless harp shall be tuned for him who, born in the ranks of her hereditary foes, took his place by her side, and, rewelding her broken shield, taught England that

Right is more than might,
And justice more than mail.

IRELAND STILL LOVES ROSSA.

That O'Donovan Rossa is not forgotten in Ireland, and that England's dastardly treatment of him is well remembered there, the following editorial from a recent number of the *Tipperary News*, headed "A Well Banished Fenian" will illustrate: "A cablegram yesterday from New York announces that O'Donovan Rossa has failed to obtain a passport from Mr. Blaine, secretary of state, guaranteeing against arrest or trial on criminal charges. The result is that Rossa, except he takes potluck and runs the risk of getting 'landed' by his old jailers, will scarcely revisit the scenes of his boyhood and manhood and young days, or be enabled to have a talk over the night-drills and the midnight plottings and plannings, and the brightening of old muskets with those of the 'boys' who are still among us, and who stepped in the ranks with him when work had to be done for Ireland. Rossa's term of twenty years' banishment expired in January last, but, notwithstanding this, the English government would in all probability pounce upon the old man again if it got the chance and send him in the winter of his life to Portland, Mountjoy, or Dartmoor to lap his food once more like a dog. What a tender and truly magnanimous government we are under, to be sure! The lion hearted old veteran longs, with the yearning of a child for its absent mother, to see the old 'sod' and tread the land that bore him before Calvary cemetery, New York, opens to receive him. Any government, we should think, laying claim to the smallest shred or instinct of humanity, ought not interfere under the circumstances or rake up its old statutes to have its spite for what may be termed in connection with Rossa, memories of forgotten lore.' Anyhow, across the ocean the genius of the land he loved and served and struggled for stretches forth its hand just now and grasps the banished Fenian's in loving memory of old times!"

SCANDALOUS ATTACK ON JAMES STEPHENS.

Whoever may be the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, and his ear marks indicate him an Irishman, is a miserable libeler. James Stephens has committed errors of policy, but nobody doubts the old man's personal probity or his sincere love of Ireland and devotion to her cause. He is not the only "rebel" who has been permitted by the British government, when his fighting days are over, to return and leave his bones in the land that bore him. No chivalrous Irishman would insult the aged patriot with an unworthy doubt. The *Times* man, however, appears not to be a person of chivalric nature, for he has the following to say of Mr. Stephens in a recent cablegram to his paper:

"Mr. Balfour's bold plan of allowing the ex-head centre, James Stephens, to return to Ireland promises no better success. Only five years ago this identical Tory government induced the French ministry to expel Stephens from Paris and French territory. It now actually connives at his coming to Ireland in hope that he will reorganize the baser remnants of Fenianism for the support of Parnell. A more despicable and cowardly device never entered even Lord Castlereagh's criminal mind. Stephens is holding interviews with all the discredited red shanks and village desperadoes of Ireland and forming some sort of secret society on the general lines of the Fenian Brotherhood. By this means it is hoped to secure enough violence in Ireland this winter measurably to widen the breach between the two countries and make Mr. Parnell of importance once more as leader of an organized revolt against law, and exhibit Mr. Balfour as the savior of society. It is an extremely pretty trick, but it won't work. An overwhelming mass of sensible Irishmen will not permit their interests to be jeopardized in any such manner, and when this becomes apparent it is doubtful if Lord Salisbury will go to the further lengths of risking the existence of the aristocracy in England for such a hopeless cause."

The idea of Mr. Stephens being a party to Balfour's "bold plan" is too preposterous. Fenianism is the great bugbear of Mr. Parnell's opponents. Its "baser remnants" are, according to the *Times* Ananias, to be reorganized for his support. The "baser remnants" are such men as John O'Leary—one of the truest of Irishmen, if, occasionally, a little cross and captious. If the late Charles James Kickham—purest of the pure—were still alive, he would be one of Parnell's warmest allies, not for love of that gentleman but because, after all is said and done, he represents about everything national in Ireland that is worthy of recognition.* The Fenians made mistakes, undoubtedly, but they were, as a mass, true men, brave men, self-sacrificing men, both at home and abroad, and we would that their like were now organized on both sides of the Atlantic for Ireland's liberation. The men of today mean well enough, but they are no such men in energy, in method, or in purpose even, as the men of 1865-'67. Those men were of the right material, and, although division weakened their ranks and sent them into the field not half made up, their efforts gave Ireland the only bit of tardy "justice" she received from England since 1829. James Stephens was their chief organizer. He breathed his own bold spirit into them. He came to them baptized in blood for love of Ireland, and the scars left upon his body by the fusillade of Ballingary attest, like the marks which Thomas saw upon the hands and feet of the Savior, that he is no false prophet of Irish liberty. Such a man could not turn untrue, and none but a person of cowardly and corrupt nature could ever dream of making such a charge against him.

*Written before Parnell's death.—ED.

MR. JOHN M. CARROLL.

Among the county commissioners nominated by the managers of the Republican party in this county, is Mr. John M. Carroll, one of the leading dry goods merchants of Chicago. Mr. Carroll did not seek the nomination, and he was selected simply because of his high personal character. He has been in business in this city during more than twenty years, and, although still only in the prime of manhood, he has achieved a success of which the proudest might be proud. Mr. Carroll was born near Clonmel, county Tipperary, Ireland, forty-five years ago, and received a good education. He entered the dry goods business early in life, and when he came to America, in 1866, he was one of the most experienced young men in that particular line. He loves his native land with filial devotion, and, as an American citizen, his loyal record is second to none in this city or elsewhere. Mr. Carroll never sought for an office in his life, but he has ever been foremost in helping his friends. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that the people of Chicago will honor themselves, as well as Mr. Carroll, by placing him in the office to which he has been nominated. They may be certain that the interests of the county will be vigilantly guarded by him, and that jobs, steals, and crookedness in general will find in him a resolute opponent.

GLADSTONE ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

Mr. Gladstone addressed the Liberal Federation of England at New Castle last Friday and made, as he always does, a great speech—great in point of eloquence and equally so in point of length. He dealt mostly with English questions, labor, the established churches of Scotland and Wales, the eight hour day, temperance and the house of lords, but he did not forget to give his views quite frankly on the relations existing between England and Ireland as they present themselves today. In many respects his remarks on the Irish question were extraordinary. The frankness with which he admits the crimes of England against the subject country is worthy of admiration, and the strength with which he indicts the English people for responsibility in that crime, if they fail to use the franchise which they now possess to efface it, has never been surpassed even by this astonishing prodigy of four score and two years. THE CITIZEN, while it has little faith in English magnanimity, and while it believes that anything Gladstone could grant, were he again in power, must, of necessity, prove unacceptable to Ireland as a final measure of settlement, cannot help acknowledging that the old man, whether he is "grand" or not, has the supreme courage of his convictions, and is willing to stand or fall by them. For this much, at least, he deserves honor, and we have much pleasure in reproducing the portion of his speech which bears specifically on the Irish question, as follows:

"In combating the assertion that the government of Ireland had been a success, Mr. Gladstone reminded his hearers at length that what the government called crime in Ireland was agrarian combination to secure the tenants' undeterminate, but often very real, rights. No doubt these combinations sometimes developed crime, but the government had not waited for the development of the crime. Instead they had interfered with private liberty in a manner that would not be tolerated a moment in this country.

"Another reason for the increased observance of the law in Ireland, is the friendship of the people of Great Britain. Irishmen have interpreted the conduct of the Liberal party as a true index of the sentiment of the country at large. It is for us to carry to an issue the question whether they are well justified in the inference they draw.

"In the period to come it is clear that it must be either friendship or enmity with Ireland. There has been an alternative before England for centuries, and in those days when enmity, not friendship, was chosen as alternative, it was enmity with the states, not with the people. You have arrived at a point decisive in your history. If it is for the future to say, after the next general election whether this enmity, if it continues, will be an enmity with the people and not with the states.

"To see one country oppressed by the rulers of another country is a heartrending sight. This is not a question of cruel tyrants and selfish oligarchies. You are a self governed people—by your votes determining the course the imperial policy must follow. With this power you must accept the duties and responsibilities which belong to it. If Ireland is oppressed hereafter it will be oppressed by you, people of England. The spectacle of one people oppressing another is the saddest, most heartrending and humbling that can be seen on the surface of the earth. I can never believe that a great nation will place itself in such a position.

"In truth, this question of friendship and enmity has already been considered in some degree. A decided declaration in favor of friendship has been made in a most constitutional manner by the results of the polls. Our opponents now begin to admit it to be something formidable. The elections recently decided are a safe indication of what is to come as the verdict. The constituencies have spoken not only the sober, the just, and the true, but also the inevitable. (Cheers.)

"Upon those verdicts Ireland relies. You have watched her conduct in the difficult circumstances of the last nine months ('Hear, hear')—conduct which I do not hesitate to risk saying has evoked in every breast a responsive voice of sympathy, and of increased conviction that we may deal safely and prudently with our fellow subjects in Ireland. ('Hear, hear.') Such is your conviction, and when the proper period comes the general sense of the country will ratify the judgment already given at nearly a hundred points. The entire people of England will, by a great and decisive majority, determine to finally dispose of these demands now made upon them in the clearest and most audible tones after a long and painful experience—made upon them alike by their honor, their interest, and their duty before God and man."

At the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's speech there was an outburst of enthusiastic cheering, which was prolonged for several minutes. Sir William Vernon Harcourt proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Gladstone and to the chairman. Mr. Morley seconded the motion. Both speakers eulogized the great leader, Mr. Morley adding that he had attended several meetings of the Liberal federation, but had never seen one so full of good omens for the future.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

The parade at the unveiling of the Grant monument in this city on Wednesday was a superb spectacle, and was magnificently marshalled, as it could not help being, under the able command of Major-General Miles. Everything moved without a hitch from first to last, with the exception of an Italian cavalry company which lost its place in the line through some misunderstanding. This is much to be regretted, as the Italians are a proud and sensitive race. It was curious, but commendable, to see the Orange societies marching in the same procession with the Clan na Gael Guards and the Hibernian Rifles. Such a thing could not have occurred some twenty golden years ago without a disturbance. Let us be thankful that Orange and Green have learned sense at last, and that they no longer afford a spectacle of discord to the American people. The appearance of all the paraders, policemen, regulars, militia, independent battalions, veterans, sons of veterans, firemen and civic societies, was all that could be desired. Gen. Grant deserved to be honored, and he was honored in a manner that will be forever memorable. His venerable widow and several of his sons were present at the unveiling. The speeches were mostly of the retrospective order, but were passably good.

POOR BOULANGER.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the unfortunate Gen. Boulanger was insane when he committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart on the grave of his mistress in a cemetery at Brussels last week. Had his ambition been less and his commonsense even average, he might have perpetuated his name honorably in the history of France. As it is, he must ever be regarded as a person of rather low moral nature, whose patriotism was all but destroyed by the indulgence of his passions. The following summary of a chief of bureau in the French war office amply covers his case:

"There is no Frenchman, of whatever party or faction, who does not honor Boulanger for his military services to France and for the wounds which he received in her defense. It is, however, no new thing for Frenchmen to fight bravely, and on very general principles, for the country, or to receive with more or less composure and philosophy grievous bodily hurts in the same cause. There, however, with well wishers of the country, admiration for the personality of the man must stop. I am myself by instinct, training and service a soldier, but I have never failed to deplore the wretched role enacted by Boulanger from the moment he, while head of this office, attempted to corrupt the constituencies, terrorize the chamber and prostitute the army, and all that he might advance his vulgar fortunes at the expense of the life, safety and perpetuation of the constitutional republic. He was charged with, tried and found guilty of conspiracy and attempted treason. He fled from France before that trial began; and the man who yesterday met the downfall of his personal ambition and the loss of his mistress and friends with suicide was then not brave enough to confront a court of France with a defense of his honor, either as a man or a patriot."

It must be added in justice to the dead man, that he left behind him a paper in which he testified his devotion to his native country. Its concluding words were *Vive la France! Vive la Republique!*

GAELIC JOURNALS.

Mr. M. J. Logan, editor of *The Gael*, Brooklyn, N.Y., has written to this office correcting an error which crept into an editorial on the "foreign" press of America recently published. Mr. Logan says that, on page 1016 of Rowell's Newspaper Directory, the Irish language is credited with two papers in this country—*The Irish Echo* of Boston, Mass., and *The Gael*, of Brooklyn. THE CITIZEN has no desire to do injustice to anybody, but our recollection of the article is that it referred to papers published in foreign language exclusively, and we think the journals mentioned by Mr. Logan generally print English and Gaelic together. However, even so, they are entitled to recognition as special organs of the ancient tongue, and THE CITIZEN cheerfully accords it to them.

"SIR" JOHN POPE HENNESSY, the fellow who defeated Parnell's candidate in North Kilkenny is dead.

A Successful Club.

The Irish Columbian Club, which was organized last winter, gave a ball on Thursday of last week, which was attended by one hundred couples. The success of the affair was largely due to the committee on arrangements, J. J. Truit, T. J. Masterson, J. F. Ryan, D. J. Kelley, M. J. Quinn, and the floor committee, J. F. Foster, G. M. Nolan, W. J. Healey, C. F. Kelley, P. Gallagher, T. G. Bayley and J. F. Ryan.

Among those present were: Messrs. D. Walsh, M. J. Murphy, P. Higgins, D. W. Lane, E. Eilridge, F. Henderson, M. J. Geary, J. Cassaretta, L Biller, L F. Haas, S. Nuoman, Thomas O'Connor, D. J. Lee, Col. R. O'S. Burke, J. S. Mullens. Misses Annie Junsen, Minnie Deven, Minnie Leonard, Mamie Ferguson, Mamie Sempratt, Minnie Truit, Julia Healey, Annie West, Julia Buckley, Mamie Chapman, Georgia Chapman, May Moucks, Alice Kennedy, Georgia Pierson, Mollie O'Connor, Colia Aldrich, Jennie Lee, Maud Morris, Nellie McCarthy, Lucia Traxtan.

TALKING OF THE CONVENTION.

[*Nashville Herald, Oct. 3.*]

The Irish-Americans in Nashville have been watching the proceedings of the Chicago convention very eagerly, and in order to ascertain what is the opinion entertained by them on the action taken yesterday, Mr. James Killeles, president of the local branch of the Irish National League, was today asked for his opinion concerning the platform. He said:

"While business engagements prevented my personal attendance at the convention—to which I had been chosen a delegate by the Nashville branch—I have been in personal communication at all times with some of the leading delegates, and have been fully informed and consulted concerning the future policy of the League, so that I can say the resolutions have the true ring about them, and the policy outlined in them is exactly what the Nashville branch has been committed to. The only thing to be regretted is that the convention did not meet at the time the crisis in Ireland's affairs came.

"However, I am glad to see the independent course the convention adopted. I am also glad to see the feeling of unanimity that existed among the delegates in the convention."

Mr. Killeles, in answer to a question as to whether he thought the masses of the people in Ireland would adhere to the action of the Chicago convention, said: "The masses of the Irish will, and I do not doubt that they will unite and bring about solidification into one national party of all the factions. Not one dollar more will be sent from America by the authority of the League until unity is effected among the factions in Ireland. The Irish Parliamentary party cannot carry on a political agitation in Ireland successfully without the aid of this country."

Regarding the newly elected officers of the Irish National League of America, Mr. Killeles expressed himself as thoroughly pleased. "They are all good men," he said, "and they are true to the land of their birth and the country of their adoption. They are patriots—every one of them."

A Sad Accident.

John Cox, the 11 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cox, of Atlantic street, near 47th street, received injuries of which he died by falling from, or being thrown off, a South Side cable car, on State street, Thursday evening of last week. The boy, before dying, claimed that a man shoved him off the footboard, and he fell between the grip and the passenger car. He was terribly mangled. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cox extend them heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

THE ROYAL O'CONORS.

History of the Ancient House Whose Scion, Roderick, Last Held the United Sovereignty of Ireland.

The Fortunes and Misfortunes of a Most Remarkable Family, Which Still Survives in Connacht.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

For a long time the O'Conors of Connaught did not feel the approach of the tempest; but gradually their castles were taken from them, they were hemmed in by armed English garrisons, and they were marked out for the unscrupulous rapine of one of the worst of the Proconsuls of Connaught. Hugh O'Conor Don was now head of the house; and this chief, apparently a sagacious man, though still claiming the old princely rank, accepted a knighthood from Sir John Perrott, said to have been a bastard of Henry VIII., and one of the best of the rulers of Ireland; and, as had been the case of other Irish chiefs, he surrendered his tribal honors and domains, and took them back as a dependent of the crown. This saved his territories from the spoiler for a time, and Sir Hugh O'Conor, for the rest of his life, continued an adherent of "the English interest," much, doubtless, to the grief of the tribesmen, whose rights had suffered by the change of tenure, and who remained true to their old allegiance. Sir Hugh was found in the English ranks during the great risings of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the most formidable "rebellions" of the native race which had taken place in the seventeenth century, and which seriously endangered English rule in Ireland. Hugh O'Neill, let me add, the great Earl of Tyrone, is an unknown name even to well read Englishmen; but his eminence as a soldier, and his craft in politics, gained him an honorable place in Catholic Europe.

Sir Hugh O'Conor lived long enough to behold dark clouds gathering over his ancient house. He left four sons, and the headship of the name devolved on the descendants of three of these, through many vicissitudes of evil fortune. Charles, the eldest son, at an early age attracted the suspicions of the men in power in Dublin, for having thought of marrying a child of

THE FALLEN HOUSE OF DESMOND;

and he failed to obtain a seat in the parliament called by James I. to ratify the deeds of the first Stuart in Ireland, owing, it is said, to the interference of one of the Connaught Presidents. The second son, Hugh the Younger, lived quietly, for years, on his lands near Castlerea, a village on the Suck, still attesting, in its name, the rank of the house; and the two brothers became at last involved in the general rising of the old Irish races which followed the outbreak of 1641. The sons of Sir Hugh had no part in the deeds of blood of the Ulster clans; but in their case, as in that of many of their race, history justifies their so-called rebellion. For a generation, since the death of Elizabeth, the work of conquest and spoliation, done hitherto chiefly by the sword, had been carried out by cruelty and fraud; and "the ravage of war," in the words of Burke, went on in Ireland amid seeming peace. The Plantation of the North was followed by new efforts to people the Southern provinces with English settlers; the extermination of the chiefs of the native race became the avowed policy of the Dublin Junta; and this was compassed by expedients of the vilest kind, the devices of corrupt and servile lawyers. At the same time the old tribal usages of the clans and septs were ruthlessly annulled, the primitive tenure of their lands was abolished, and while their heads had fallen from their old estate, they were reduced to the position of serflike tenants. The era, meanwhile, of aggressive Puritanism had begun to do its fell work in Ireland; and Protestant Ascendency, and all that is implied in the name, increased the hatred felt towards the intrusive colonists. At last Wentworth marked out the entire Province of Connaught for his "majestic rapine"; and this, and the Irish measures of the Long parliament, were probably the reasons that led the sons of Sir Hugh to take up arms in the confederate cause. The author of this book maintains they were loyal to Charles I., but this is no more than a courtly phrase; the Catholic of the ancient Irish name had no sympathy in the great civil war with the master of Strafford and the head of the Stuarts; he had little in common with Ormond, Clanricarde, or even with

THE CATHOLIC NORMANS OF THE PALE;

and he fought to avenge a long series of wrongs, not without an honorable love of his country. Charles and Hugh O'Conor played a conspicuous part in the bloody and protracted strife that followed; and the alarm of the recent settlers appeared in a report that the first had been hailed King of Connaught by his tribe. Their sons were compelled to adhere to the Stuarts under the stress of the conquering sword of Cromwell; but they lost nearly all the old possessions of the house, the Act of Settlement of the Restoration being, in fact, a confirmation of the immense Cromwellian forfeitures. The ancient title of honor, however, of the house was treasured by the descendants of Hugh, until these failed about seventy years ago; and Arthur Young tells how the O'Conor Don of his day, a landless man, in extreme poverty, was welcomed far and near by the Roscommon peasantry. The third son of Sir Hugh, Cahill, died before the period 1641-1652, but the fortunes of his line were like those of his brothers. His son, Owen of Belanagare, took part in the war of 1688-91, and held the fort of Banagher for James II.; he died a prisoner at Chester Castle; and he, too, was deprived of the lands of his father. By the first years of the eighteenth century the territories of the native Kings of Connaught had long been possessed by alien owners, and confiscation had transferred by force the vast domains of Sir Hugh O'Conor, though the faith of the crown had been pledged to him.

The vitality of the chiefs of the old Irish race is expressed in many a tribal legend; the Prince of Breffny—to refer to one—sleeps in armor in an enchanted cave, until the genius of Erinn shall bid him awake, when the curse of the Saxon has left the country. The arms of the Houses of O'Conor tell the same tale; their oak spreads its leaves though torn up from the roots; and the O'Conors of Connaught have been true to their blazon.

CHARLES OF BELANAGARE,

third in descent from Cahill, the third son of Sir Hugh O'Conor, was born in 1710; and is a remarkable instance how worth and parts can rise superior to all the shocks of fortune. This forlorn scion of a princely house was cradled, so to speak, in the lap of misery; he was brought up in the hut of a peasant, and he owed the first rudiments to a begging friar, who, in the evil days that had come to his race, taught the young of the Popish helots at the peril of his life. The lot of Charles, too, fell on the most calamitous times known by Ireland in her sorrowful history. England can offer some pleas for the Penal Laws of Ireland; they were borrowed from edicts against the French Huguenots; they were enacted by the Colonial Irish Parliament; and they were but an incident in the fierce war of faiths which convulsed Europe in the seventeenth century. But they were not the less the curse of an afflicted country; they perpetuated the ills of the worst kind of conquest, and their disastrous consequences are felt to this hour. It was not only that Charles O'Conor, a Pariah, as he grew to the estate of man, saw the sons of Puritan troopers and London traders settled on the domains of his ancient house; it was not only that, in humiliation and want, he had to endure the wrongs of iniquitous rapine, and to bear the scorn or indifference of the breed of the spoilers; it was that he was proscribed in his own land by a code formed to destroy his race; that, like all Irish Catholics of noble descent, he was kept back and banned in every walk of life; that his religion was made a burden to him; that society, government, and law were his enemies. It was an additional draught in the cup of his bitterness that a brother tried to rob him of the last bit of his heritage through the operation of the Penal Laws. The "Protestant discoverer," Hugh O'Conor, who, in this instance, played a villainous part, is a name of reproach in the family annals Yet, notwithstanding the hard stress of circumstances, Charles O'Conor

ROSE TO HIGH SOCIAL EMINENCE,

and has a distinguished name among patriotic Irishmen. He became one of the most learned of sholars; revived the study of the antiquities of his race, and wrote valuable works on Irish history; and he was one of the founders of the first league of Catholic Ireland, formed in the eighteenth century, to endeavor to raise a conquered people from degraded thraldom. He labored hard in this noble work, and he lived to see the Penal Laws in a state of decline, unde the influence of Grattan, though their complete extinction was still a remote event. Charles O'Conor left two sons, who took an active part in the subsequent efforts of the Irish Catholics, from 1790 onwards, to obtain justice, and who were not unworthy of their honored parent. Thomas, the son of Charles, the younger of these, became one of the United Irish leaders; but he was shocked by the horrors of 1798, and he found a home in the great republic of the West. He was a man of letters of some note; but he is chiefly remembered as the brother of Charles, one of the shining lights of the American bar, who illustrated the Irish genius for law, through a splendid career but recently closed. Denis, the eldest son of Charles of Belanagare, had a son, Owen, in his hot youth an intimate friend of Wolfe Tone; but, as years advanced, he became a leading follower of O'Connell, in the constitutional movement, which won for Catholic Ireland, in 1829, a share in the rights of a free country. Before this time, the chief honor of the house had passed to him, on the extinction of the line of Hugh of Castlerea, in 1820; and the dignity has devolved on the compiler of this work. His son, and his grandson, The O'Conor Don of this day, succeeded him in the representation of the county Roscommon; and the reverence felt for the old princely name has been fully extended to his descendants, beloved by the peasantry as kindly lords of the soil. The present head of the O'Conors of Connaught is a distinguished gentleman of large possessions; the family has been, in part, restored by him; and his social position and worth have received some acknowledgment, for he has long been a member of the Irish Privy Council. Yet

THE O'CONOR DON IS A MERE ESQUIRE;

the undoubted descendant of the native Kings of Connaught yields place to the ennobled offspring of Cromwellian privates, and while honors have been lavished on the sons of those who followed the Pretenders of 1715 and of 1745, one of the most illustrious names of Irish history is not found in the ranks of the peerage

We do not find much in this volume about the lesser families of The O'Conors of Connaught. The line of O'Conor Roe, a rival of The O'Conor Don, has disappeared from the ranks of the gentry, and cannot be traced beyond the eighteenth century The O'Conors of Sligo were a house of renown; but they were nearly destroyed in the Cromwellian wars; a descendant of the chief, however, bears an honorable name, in our day, in the commerce of Sligo, another example how the uprooted oak flourishes. The O'Conor Don, I have said, has confined his researches to the fortunes of the O'Conors of Connaught; but a word should be said of other branches of the tree perhaps the most far-spreading in Irish annals The family had many scions in Cork; and Arthur O'Connor, of this stock, was a well-known rebel of 1798, and won honor, in exile, under Napoleon's eagles A powerful tribe of O'Conors was settled, from the earliest times, in the plain lands of Kerry; its descendants abound among the Listowel peasantry; but the chiefs have fallen from their old estate, though the tract of Iraghticonnor still attests their rule The great House of O'Connor, of Offaly, is, however, perhaps the best known of the name, though its princes never attained the rank of sovereigns. The tribe lands of this clan, before the Norman conquest, almost reached Dublin, and stretched back to the Shannon; but they were encroached upon by Kildare Geraldines, and one of their titles to this day is Earl of Offaly. Though on the verge of the Pale, the chiefs long held their own, protected by

THE HUGE MORASS OF ALLEN,

by the broad Slievebloome, and by the lakes of Westmeath; they mingled their blood with noble Norman houses, and built castles and monasteries like their Connaught kinsmen; and in the decay of English power, in the fifteenth century, their foraying kerne often reached the capital Brian, the chief of the tribe, was offered high honors by Henry III., true to his wise policy, but he joined in the rising of the young Earl of Kildare, his brother-in-law, and a loyal friend; and the house was thenceforward marked out for destruction.

The blow fell in the days of Mary Tudor; the O'Conors of Offaly were slaughtered and harried with a barbarity famous even in that age; and their territories, named the King's and Queen's counties, were peopled by hundreds of Anglo Saxon colonists. Before this event, however, Lady Mary O'Connor, the widow of Brian, and perhaps the sister of the fair Geraldine of Surrey's verse, had taken the last scion of the fallen House of Kildare, and had reared the child in the wilds of Offaly; and, happily, the noble line of the ducal House of Leinster has grown out of this tender sapling. The O'Connors of Offaly rapidly declined; one, an exile, was one of Sidonia's captains, and perished in the ruin of the great Armada; but the Condes of Ofelia are still known in Spain, and there was a captain general of the name in the eighteenth century Another of the race made a desperate struggle to expel the spoilers from the lands of the tribe, as late as the days of Hugh O'Neill; but no member of the house held the rank of prince, even in the Irish chronicles, after this period. There is a tradition that

AN O'CONNOR OF OFFALY

crossed swords with Ireton, not without success; and John, said to have been a descendant of Brian, sat for Philipstown in Tyrconnel's parliament, and was slain, it is supposed, at Aughrim. His son, Maurice, conformed to the dominant faith, attained some eminence at the English bar, and having risen out of penury to well-earned riches, regained a fragment of the old O'Connor lands, held honorably in trust by a Protestant family. The grandson of Maurice bore the same name, and is not forgotten in the King's county; his strong sympathy with the native race was seen in the rebellion of 1798, when he saved the lives of many a peasant; and he was one of the few of the ascendant caste who boldly upheld the claims of Catholic Ireland. A scroll on the roof of the house he built records his title to rank among the Offaly princes, and the reverence still felt for his memory by the old has proved a spell to protect his grandson during the late agrarian disorders of Ireland The most distinguished names of the house, however, are to be found in the descendants of Bald Owen, Mal Owen O'Connor, in English phrase Malone. These, too, became Protestants in the last century; they showed the Irish aptitude for law, and they gave several judges to the bench of Ireland. The editor of Shakespeare was, also, one of the house; but its most illustrious ornament was beyond dispute, Anthony, a worthy probably not known to Englishmen, but compared by Grattan to the first Pitt and Murray, and one of the patriots of the Irish parliament. Yet Anthony Malone had higher titles of honor; during the evil days of the penal code he was the champion of the Catholics of Westmeath, and held large Catholic estates in a trust, which saved them for their legitimate owners from the cruel fangs of an execrable law.—*O'Conor Morris in Irish Monthly.*

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Bostons	138	87	51	.630
Chicagos	135	82	53	.607
New Yorks	138	71	61	.538
Philadelphias	137	68	69	.495
Clevelands	139	65	74	.468
Brooklyns	137	61	76	.445
Cincinnatis	137	56	81	.409
Pittsburgs	135	55	80	.407

Thursday—Chicago 1, Cincinnati 6. Philadelphia 1, Boston 6. Cleveland 7, Pittsburg 3 New York 3 Brooklyn 6.

Friday—Chicago 16, Cincinnati 17. Philadelphia 3 Boston 5 New York 0, Brooklyn 8 Cleveland 9, Pittsburg 1

Saturday—Chicago 9. Cincinnati 15. Philadelphia 5 Boston 3. New York 7, Brooklyn 3 Cleveland 7, Pittsburg 5.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Bostons	133	92	41	.692
St. Louis	138	86	52	.623
Philadelphias	137	72	65	.526
Baltimores	132	69	63	.523
Milwaukees	136	64	72	.471
Columbus	137	61	76	.445
Louisvilles	139	55	82	.396
Washingtons	132	43	89	.326

Thursday—Baltimore 3, Philadelphia 16 Boston 2, Washington 1.

Friday—Milwaukee 5, Columbus 0 St. Louis 13, Louisville 8 Baltimore 9, Philadelphia 2 Boston 1 Washington 6

Saturday—Boston 6, Washington 2 St. Louis 6, Louisville 5 Baltimore 2, Philadelphia 8

Sunday—Milwaukee 8, Columbus 4. St. Louis 8, Louisville 0. St. Louis 3, Louisville 4

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	20	13	7	.650
Garden Citys	21	13	8	.619
West Ends	21	11	10	.524
Rivals	20	9	11	.450
Franklins	21	9	12	.429
Brands	21	7	14	.333

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Brands 8, Garden Citys 0. Franklins 8, West Ends 3

"It is a fact," that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

PERSONAL.

The National League convention adjourned Friday, but many of the delegates remained over Saturday and Sunday visiting friends, and enjoying the hospitality for which the city is noted. Probably one of the most agreeable features after the close of the convention was the invitation extended Saturday afternoon to the visiting delegates by the Nels Morris and Fairbank Canning Company through their assistant general superintendent, Martin H. Flynn, to visit their immense packing and canning establishments and enjoy their hospitality. Agreeable to that invitation the delegates assembled at McCoy's Hotel at 3 o'clock, and under the genial supervision of Mr. Flynn were piloted in carriages to those establishments, where they were shown every courtesy and attention. It was nearly 7 o'clock when the party arrived at McCoy's Hotel on their return, but all extended to Mr. Flynn a cordial vote of thanks for his hospitable attentions. In this connection the delegates are also obliged to Ed E. Reedy of Cincinnati, who ably assisted Mr. Flynn in making their visit through the parks and around the city one of pleasure. Among those who enjoyed Messrs Flynn and Reedy's hospitality were Judge O'Connell of St. Louis, Ald. J. P. Egan, Thos. Ward, William Cullinane, Andrew Hoolan, and Messrs. Thos. Kane, J Gseke, Major O'Keefe, Phillip Dwyer, F. Burke, M. W. Murphy, Dan. Lenihan, Thomas F. Fitzpatrick, Gerald Griffin, M F. Fanning of Pittsburg, and E. Sweeny of Cincinnati.

On Sept. 21 there were married at St. Michael's church, Limerick, Ireland, by the Rev. Father Griffin, C. C., of St. John's cathedral, Mr. Patrick J. Sullivan, youngest son of Stephen Sullivan, Esq., superintendent of Messrs. W. I. Shaw & Sons, to Margaret (Madge), second daughter of the late Patrick McInerney, Esq., ship builder, Limerick. After the wedding breakfast the happy young couple left by train for Dublin to spend the honeymoon. The happy bride, who has seen but 21 summers, has two uncles in this city, Mr Michael D O'Brien, who is connected with the press in Chicago for the past two years, and Mr. Lawrence I. Ford, for twenty one years with the Lake Shore Railway Co., in this city, as well as several other relatives.

His many friends are glad to know that their old favorite Peter Doyle, of No 3000 Archer avenue, has completely recovered from his recent severe illness, and is once more actively superintending his business. Long may he continue so, is the sincere wish of THE CITIZEN

TORY HILL.

The Hill of Tory is situated in South Kilkenny, within a few miles of the city of Waterford. Near its summit is a very high and steep precipice, on the brink of which is a natural cleft in the rock, very much resembling an arm chair. This is named by the peasantry "Cromwell's Seat." They have a tradition that on one of his marches he sat there and, looking over the surrounding country, exclaimed, "This is a land worth fighting for!" I had the honor of sitting on "Cromwell's Seat" and think that the view from there would more than justify such an ejaculation.

The breeze of beauteous morning fans my face,
 As high on Tory's heath-crowned head I stand,
And fondly view each old familiar place
 Within the mighty vale, girt by its rivers grand.

The rising sun o'ertops the Wexford hills,
 And flings its yellow rays athwart the plain,
Marking with lines of gold the misty rills—
 Burnishing castle old and long-decaying fane.

The Wexford hills! Ah, ne'er shall Erin's sons
 Look without pride upon their lonely heights—
There fearless peasants faced proud England's guns,
 Heroic struggling for their homes and trampled rights.

And Ross beneath me lies, by the clear Nore,
 Thrilling with memories of "Ninety-eight,"
When its tumultous streets ran deep in gore,
 And pikemen fierce swept through the dread "Three Bullet Gate."

O'er the great vale where winding Suir glides,
 Blue Slievenamon eternal vigil keeps,
That pleasing mount by whose unchanging sides
 Good Kickham loved, and 'neath whose guarding shade he sleeps.

Off through the hazy distance flows the Nore,
 Stealing by wavy meadows calm and pure,
Hasting with silent motion evermore
 To join in confluence broad its noble brother Suir.

Far to the south I see the ocean gray
 Seeming to hover over the resisting land;
And 'twixt its beetling rocks Tramore's bright bay,
 Famed for its massy cliffs and wide-extending strand.

Here, gazing on this varied scene's extent,
 Well might the stern Puritans rejoice;
Nor deem their blood in fruitless warfare spent
 When lands like these remain each fierce fanatic's choice.

Yes! 'tis "a land worth fighting for," indeed,
 This land of purple hill and emerald vale,
Soon may its people walk in power, freed,
 And triumph crown at length the long-time suffering Gael.

—*Boston Pilot*

COLONEL D. B. DAILEY.

Campfire in Honor of a Brave Irish-American Soldier.

A campfire was held at Oakland, Iowa, on the 16th ult., in honor of Col. D. B Daily, so well known as the hero of one of the bravest acts of heroism recorded as occurring during the Civil War. Col. Dailey was born in Ireland, Nov. 15, 1840, and when six years old came to this country with his parents, who settled in Ohio.

At the breaking out of the rebellion he enlisted, April 19, 1861, in Company B, Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, as a private, and served over a year in the ranks; was promoted to second lieutenant, Sept. 16, 1862; first lieutenant, June 2, 1863; captain, May 25, 1864, and to major of the Sixth Wisconsin Veteran Volunteer Infantry, Dec. 21, 1864

Aug. 1, 1864, he was breveted major by the president of the United States, with the approval of the senate, for continued and meritorious services in the Army of the Potomac up to that time, and on the 21st of that month he was breveted lieutenant colonel for gallant conduct in the action of that date at Virginia. March 31, same year, he was breveted colonel for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of White Oak, or Boydentown Plank Road, Virginia, and for continued good conduct during the war.

June 11, 1864, at the expiration of the term of enlistment of his regiment, the Second Wisconsin, he was retained in the service at his own request, by order of the war department, and was appointed provost marshal, and placed upon the staff of Gen. Cutler, division commander. He also commanded, for a short time, the First Battalion of New York Sharpshooters, and at the battle of Hatcher's Run was assigned to the temporary command of the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York Volunteer Infantry.

In the battle of Weldon Railroad, Aug. 21, 1864, Col. Dailey was on Gen. Cutler's staff and, in the execution of an order of that general, was dangerously wounded by the Confederate general, Johnson Hagood, who commanded a brigade in Mahone's division. Just before being shot by Gen. Hagood, Col. Dailey had secured the colors of one of the Confederate regiments which surrendered to him, and at the time he was shot he was holding the Confederate regimental colors and flag.

This is the incident which has become so famous. A Confederate's story of the occurrence is as follows:

Col. Dailey had golloped out of a sallyport, seized a color from the hands of its bearer, and demanded a surrender. Some officers and men surrendered, but were not carried in; others refused, but, just around him, ceased fighting. Gen. Hagood called to the men to shoot him and fall back in retreat. They either did not hear him, or, bewildered by the surrender of part of their number, failed to obey. It was a critical moment, and demanded instant and decided action. In a few moments the disposition to surrender would have spread, and the whole brigade have been lost. Making his way across the intervening space as speedily as he could, exposed to a regular fire both from the enemy's line scarce thirty yards off, and calling to his men to face back, which they did not do, Gen. Hagood approached Col. Dailey and demanded the colors, and that he should go back within his own lines, telling him that he was free to do so. Col. Dailey commenced arguing the hopelessness of further struggle, and pointed out the line in the rear. Hagood cut him short and demanded a categorical reply—yes or no. Dailey was a man of fine presence, with long flowing beard, and sat with loosened rein upon a noble looking bay horse. In reply to this demand Col. Dailey raised his hand proudly and decisively answered "No!" Upon the word Gen. Hagood shot him through the body, and as he reeled from the saddle upon one side, Gen. Hagood sprang into it from the other, Orderly Stoney seizing the flag from his falling hands.

History has recorded this dash on the part of Col. Dailey, as one of the two bravest acts of the war. It is recorded in volume II. page 595 of Gen. Beauregard's "Military Operations of the War"; and the same brilliant conduct is mentioned in Swinton's "Army of the Potomac." It is also recorded in general orders and reports of the operations of that battle by Major-Gen. G. K. Warren, commanding the Fifth Army Corps.

Of Gen. Hagood, who figures so conspicuously in the thrilling episode, it may be truly said that he was one of the most gallant officers in the Confederate service.

Local Catholic News.

The fair held to aid in the building of the new French church of St. Joseph's, Brighton Park, closed last week. We are pleased to learn that the handsome sum of $3 800 was realized, which gladdened the heart of the indefatigable pastor, Rev. C. Lesage, whose efforts for the speedy completion of the church are untiring. The building, which is one of the handsomest of its kind in Chicago, is rapidly approaching completion.

A Worthy Entertainment.

The Sheridan (North Side) Club will give a ball and reception, for the benefit of one of its oldest and most deserving members, at Cline's Hall, southeast corner of Huron and Wells streets, on Saturday evening, Oct. 10 As the object of the entertainment is a most worthy one, it is hoped that the attendance will be very large. Tickets, admitting lady and gentleman, are fifty cents.

Suppressing the Press

The arrest of two editors for printing an extract from another paper questioning the validity of the anti lottery law is certainly carrying things pretty high in this land of free speech and liberal government.

The *Post* has no objection to the stamping out of the lottery companies, but the line should be drawn, it thinks, at that point where irresponsible underlings of the government attempt to stamp out the press

On this line the Atlanta *Constitution* says that "this policy will not work. If lotteries cannot be destroyed without also destroying the freedom of the press, the people will be in favor of letting the lotteries alone. We cannot afford to yield our right to speak and publish fair criticisms of public measures. If we yield the right in one instance we may expect to be forced to keep silence whenever it suits the government to demand it. Fortunately it is no easy matter to bulldoze the newspapers of America. The menace of fine and imprisonment will intimidate very few. No matter what Federal officials may hold the newspaper men of the country will not change their conviction that an honest criticism or discussion of the provisions contained in the anti-lottery law cannot with any show of justice be held to be a violation of that law. If they are mistaken in this belief, then the law will have to be repealed or modified. In this republic the government cannot array itself against the press and have the support of the people."

It is the policy and practice in some of the monarchies to inhibit criticism by the press of the acts of government, but until the enforcement, or the alleged enforcement, of the anti lottery law no one dreamed that such a thing would be attempted in the United States.—*Houston (Tex.) Post, Sept. 16.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Death Notice.

McDOWD—Oct 3 Ida, daughter of Col. M. J McDowd and Catharine McDowd (nee Brennan), aged 21 years and 21 days. Funeral was from her brother-in-law's Geo. E Sanford, No. 5558 Jefferson ave, South Park, to St. George's church, where high mass was celebrated, and thence by carriages to Mount Olivet cemetery. Detroit, Mich., and Toronto, Ont., papers please copy.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"Save who can!" was the frantic cry of Napoleon to his army at Waterloo. Save health and strength while you can, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is advice that applies to all, both young and old. Don't wait until disease fastens on you; begin at once.

The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair, resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

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BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.
Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
Attorney at Law,
609 Opera House Building,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

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THE DOGS A NUISANCE.

THE MOST NOTICEABLE FEATURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

You Can Scarcely Stir a Yard Without Encountering a Pack of Hungry but Cowardly Canines—How They Continue to Live Is a Mystery.

If we had in the streets of New York one-tenth the dogs they have in Constantinople what a row we should make about it. How the public would rise and rage, what fault everybody would find, what leading articles would be written on the subject, how the board of health would be buried under an avalanche of complaints and what eloquence and resolutions would be poured out at public meetings to denounce the canine nuisance.

There would of course be much said on the other side, also, and a new energy would be shown in the philanthropic spirit that organizes societies for the protection of unpopular things.

It is just possible that if we had inherited a million street dogs as an institution, if we had grown up with tnem all around us and were as much used to them as we are to peanut stands and lampposts, if we could revere them as "the dogs of our daddies," we might stand them, for hardly any people takes with more grace than we do the nuisances to which we are accustomed.

AIDS TO STREET CLEANING.

Perhaps, also, a million street dogs would have some influential friends in and near the city hall, for they would solve the great garbage problem. One thousand cartloads a day of garbage that has to be carried away and dumped makes a big hole in the money voted for the commissioner of street cleaning, and if there were a system by which all that garbage could be converted into yellow dog on the spot, and could trot off wagging its tail, not costing the commissioner a cent, it is evident that that honorable gentleman would be worse than a heathen if he did not come out strong in defense of "this noble and useful animal."

I say that the garbage might trot off wagging its tail, speaking after the manner of those accustomed to the dog as we know him. But the dog of Constantinople does not wag his tail. Either that expression of canine satisfaction is unknown in his latitude, or life is too serious for indulgence in such trivialities. The dog has a good tail, but its relation to happy moods of dog life is unknown—mainly, perhaps, because there are no such moods.

One of the common lines in the daily reports touches things in sight—"cotton in sight," "silver in sight," etc. If any reporter should be required to give an account of the "dogs in sight" in Constantinople at any given moment his troubles would begin. Naturally, it is a movable quantity, and, as with a very tall column of figures, you get a different result every time you add it up Stop in the street anywhere, and at any moment, and the number will never be less than a dozen and may be twenty They are nearly all asleep. Four or five are on the sidewalk on each side the way. Some stowed close up by the wall, some anywhere along the middle, and others are in the roadway, others in the gutters, which are dry, or else fairly in the middle just where the carts, cabs or other vehicles may rattle along at any instant. Here and there half a dozen may be on foot, but never on the alert for even those that are awake and are so presumably under the influence of hunger stand around with a lazy, listless sluggish air of total dissatisfaction—or at least of supreme indifference to all the incidents of life.

These dogs are permanently in a state of starvation. Nobody feeds them, and there is marvelously little waste from the kitchens of the people, so that the refuse that goes into the street is mostly very bare bones or the other inedible elements of food. Upon this the multitude of dogs must live, and the stealthy avidity with which they will rush to lick up even a grease spot on the pavement where some little shopkeeper's soup, cooking in front of his door, has boiled over, tells vividly the rage of hunger from which they are always suffering. These packs of dogs thus starved would eat the people themselves if they had the courage of any good canine race.

THEIR IMPLACABLE FOE.

The dogs seem to have one recognized enemy—this is the two footed scavenger who goes about with a basket and a long iron hook gathering bones, etc. They seem to understand that he divides with them the treasures of the garbage heap, and they set up a general howl of rage when he comes near. But they keep well out of reach of his long iron hook Him they detest as a rival and a robber, but they have not the courage of their detestation. I never saw them look even with rage upon any other human creature, but they are afaaid of him all the same.

Their general condition is bad enough, but to see them upon a cold, rainy day is a pitiable picture. From whatever dry or warm corners they may find for themselves they are forced by hunger, and the poor result of their hunt for a bone does not help to keep them warm, and with the misery of wet and cold added to that of starvation they return to find their warm places taken by others who were before without even that little comfort. Only a stolid, heartless, brutal people would consent to see so much misery around and about them at all times.

The dog of Constantinople is what we should call "a yaller dog." The prevalent color is a tawny, dull yellow, rather lighter than the tan in our black and tan dogs. He has long hair, but it is not long enough to give him a rough or shaggy coat. His nose is sharp, his tail is bushy and he is about the size of a coyote. His aspect is at once wicked and mean, and his general expression touches any and every point between the look of a fox and a wolf, but never has the frank, open, pleasant confidence of the dog as we know him. He would be ferocious if he had the courage, but he is rather a stealthy sneak than a bold tramp.—Cor. New York World.

Antelopes and 'Tumble Weeds."

I was sitting in a passenger car looking out over a stretch of prairie land in the great Arkansas valley. The day was windy; indeed, a ship captain who sat next to me said it was "half a gale," though, judging from the way the wind shrieked past us, I should not have thought of using a fraction in describing it.

Suddenly a number of elegantly shaped, slightly built animals appeared in the distance and rushed toward the moving train. The wind, the antelopes—for such they proved to be—and the train engaged in a race, in which the antelopes for a short time held their own, but what most astonished me was that the antelopes were pursued by great gray balls, some of which were from four to five feet in diameter.

Not one of our party could imagine what these were, never having heard of anything of the kind. We watched the curious sight until the locomotive and the wind left the antelopes and the pursuing balls far behind us. To increase our interest, however, many more such balls could be seen on the windward side of the track, piled up against the wire fences and in ravines and gulleys along our onward route.

I afterward learned that what our party saw were known to the plainsmen as "tumble weeds," and to botanists as the Cycloloma plalyphylium. It belongs to a genus of plants that grow in a thick, globe shaped mass of twigs and small branches, attached to their roots each by a small stem, which in the fall becomes dry and brittle, and, as the autumn winds sweep over the prairie, these stems break off and the tumble weeds go bounding away, scattering their seeds as they go.

Antelopes and jack rabbits, grouse and prairie dogs are put to flight, cattle are stampeded and the roadbeds clogged by these flying masses of brushwood.—St. Nicholas.

Language of Elephants.

The language of the elephant is as well understood by the East Indians and those who have to do with the large animals as if the communication was made in their own tongue, though, curious to tell, the sounds in India and Ceylon have different meanings imputed to them. When enraged the elephant utters a shrill cry through the trunk, which may be taken as a warning.

A sportsman engaged in hunting elephants had approached a large tusker when he found, to his chagrin, that he had dropped his ammunition, so that he could only lie concealed and feast his eyes upon the huge animal. His disappointment was partly compensated by observing the large elephant informing the rest that danger was lurking near them. Communication was made in the following way:

The tusker was feeding and moved slowly around until he suddenly came below the concealed sportsman, when, with its wonderful scent, it immediately recognized the presence of an enemy. It stopped feeding, raised the tip of its trunk cautiously, then in a low, suppressed, but penetrating tone uttered with its lips the word "prut," repeating it so that it sounded something like the twittering of a bird. The sound would hardly have been noticed had not the sportsman been near at hand; but it was immediately understood by the herd, that moved quickly but silently away followed by the sentinel.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Simplicity of Carlyle's Life.

There was in Carlyle a certain arrogance of intellect that grew with years, and often asserted itself in fashions that he himself felt to be grievous. This has been mistaken for arrogance of heart. But arrogance of heart he never had. In sympathies and manner of life he remained to the end much of the simple peasant. Seldom a year passed, of the eighty-five that he lived, that he did not spend a month or two among the Scotch heaths and peat bogs in or near his humble boyhood home.

There, nearer than anywhere else, his restless soul came to the attainment of that peace and composure which it was quite capable of nowhere. To the end his own poor, toiling, uneducated kinsmen continued the dearest people on earth to him, and rarely came a payment from editor or publisher that, whatever his own necessities, he did not share it with some of them. Had they been stupid I am not sure that he would not at times have shown them scant mercy, but their humbleness only bound them the closer.—E. C. Martin in Scribner's.

Training for Modern Life.

Every man ought to know what kind of a universe he is in, what his relations to it are, what and where invariable conditions are imposed, what in the nature of things is possible and what impossible, within what limits all his achievements must be, and hence what ideals he may consistently cherish that his work may not be in vain. It hardly needs to be said that neither literature nor art nor history nor theology can acquaint a man with these. Only science can do it—science not as a mass of facts, but as a body of relations.

If there be anything that the ordinary man is markedly deficient in, and which the best schooling has not added to his mental equipment, it is his failure to see the necessities of relation. Exercises in logic and the study of mathematics have been supposed to qualify a man to be logical, but if by this is meant that for every effort to be explained an adequate cause must be assigned, then most men are unequal to the occasion.—Professor A. E. Dolbear in Popular Science Monthly.

The Waffle Man.

A man with a tray of hot waffles stands in City Hall park almost every night from about 6 to 8 o'clock. He seldom says a word to the passers by. Any person with a fondness for waffles can procure one by putting a nickel on the tray. The queer old peddler was quite crusty a few nights ago because a customer asked him for change out of a quarter of a dollar. Looking fiercely at the owner of the quarter, the waffle man said, "There's change on the tray. Help yourself."—New York Times.

HE WORE A GOWN TO BREAKFAST.

How a Jolly Visitor Turned the Tables on Some Practical Jokers.

"Who do you think is coming tonight, girls?" said a pretty young hostess of a house party of young people who were passing a week of never to be forgotten fun and merriment in a spacious old country house on the beautiful borders of Lake M "Mamma has had a letter this morning from Johnnie S—— inviting himself for a few days. I am glad he is coming, for he is such fun; but he did such outrageous things when he was here last that the mater declared he should never be asked to the house again. I wish you could have seen her face when she received his wheedling funny letter just now.

"She had to laugh in spite of herself, and finally she said, 'Well, I suppose he will have to come, and I only hope he will have learned a lesson and will behave himself.' I must say I think it was rather cheeky to ask for an invitation when he must have known the house was full, but since he will come, let us give him a warm welcome.' And thereupon after much consultation and suppressed laughter a programme was arranged for the entertainment of the bold man who presented himself uninvited—a programme that might well have appalled the expected guest had he known of their intentions.

Nothing in the cordial and ladylike welcome given to him by the young maidens could have prepared him for the lively reception he found awaiting him when he retired to his own room. All the practical jokes that could be thought of had been brought together for his edification. His bed had been arranged on the most scientific principles of making it utterly impossible to sleep in any position without making it entirely over; his drinking water was salted; the sleeve and neck opening of his robe de nuit were run together with the sewing machine; a land turtle was found lying in his bag, and a cat sprang out of the closet when he opened the door. But his final discomfiture and utter overthrow had been planned for the morning, when he was to find his evening clothes the only ones left to put on for breakfast. The next morning a merry party waited expectantly in the dining room for his advent, nor were they kept long in suspense.

A short time after breakfast had been announced and every one else had assembled, the door was flung open, and the most extraordinary figure that had ever been seen in that stately room marched in. The apparition which struck them all dumb was Johnny S——, arrayed in one of Mrs. A——s most gorgeous dinner gowns—the low necked waist and short sleeves showing his anything but scant proportions to the greatest advantage.

With stately step he walked into the room, and with a perfect seriousness addressed the company. "How fortunate, ladies and gentlemen," he said, as soon as he could make himself heard for the shouts of laughter, "that I found the requirements suited to my needs in the fine old fashioned wardrobe which stands in my apartment. Some frivolous persons," he continued, turning severely to the giggling maidens," having removed my garments, I felt myself fortunate indeed in being able to replace them with this comfortable and appropriate raiment."

So saying, with great aplomb he discussed a most excellent breakfast, rising to supply his needs from the sideboard amid the continued titters of the company and to the utter amazement and hopeless indignation of the dignified owner of the dress. "I suppose I will find what is needful for a change in my room after breakfast?" he asked his hostess with the greatest politeness.—New York Tribune.

Derivation of Several Words.

Canter is an abbreviated form of Canterbury gallop, so called because pilgrims to Canterbury rode at the pace of a moderate gallop. A grocer, so says the dictionary, was originally one who sold by the gross. A "grenade" derives its name from its shape, which resembles a pomegranate. A "biscuit" means "twice bakad," because, according to military practice, the bread or biscuits of the Romans were twice prepared in the ovens. Did you ever notice the leaves of the dandelion? They are said to resemble, in form and size, the tooth of the lion, and so the French call it the dent de lion and we "the dandelion."

The pope was formerly called "the pape," which means the same as "papa," or father. Vinegar came from two Latin words, vin and acer, meaning "vine" and "sour." These are only a few of the many curious and interesting things I found in my afternoon's search in the old dictionary. When you are at a loss for something to do follow my example, and you will be surprised at the many bits of information you can pick up in a little time.—Omaha World-Herald.

Cost of Collection Plates.

Collection plates of metal are usually made of brass or bronze. Brass plates range in price from five dollars upward. They are eleven inches in diameter, 1¾ inches in the rim and 1¾ inches deep. They are inscribed with texts and are stamped or embossed in a variety of designs. The metal plates are used either with or without a mat.

Bronze plates cost twenty-five dollars and upward. Metal receiving basins of brass or bronze cost from twenty-five dollars upward. More expensive metal plates are made to order. Some are of solid silver. The cost of a silver plate depends on its weight and the work upon it; fifty dollars would be about the lowest price.—New York Sun.

Wheat Goes Down.

De Broker—Hear about De Curbb?

De Ledger—No. What's happened to him?

"Knocked flat."

"You don't say so. Was he caught by the drop in wheat?"

"Well, yes, something like that. A barrel of flour fell on him."—New York Weekly.

BEAR BRAVELY.

Be still, sad heart;
Put on thy mask amid the crowded street,
And let thy smile felicitous and sweet,
With feigned calm these curious faces greet.
Who careth for thy smart?

Be strong, my heart;
Though wondrous sad, thou owest the world a smile,
To see it happy should thy grief beguile;
Loves, hopes and joys surround thee all the while
Wherein thou bearest a part.

Be brave, my heart;
Each season's sweeping hath its silent song;
To night alone the silver stars belong,
And right grows ever mightier than the wrong
In deed and act.

Be patient, heart;
Blessings come sweet to those who ne'er were blest,
And brief the days, a little span at best,
Till rayless, deep, irrevocable rest
Eternal peace impart.

—J. R. Parker in Detroit Free Press.

Fish That Shoot Flies.

There is a curious fish of the Indian ocean, to which, although it has long been known to naturalists, attention has recently been called on account of some new observations of its peculiarities. It is flat and chubby, not unlike the ordinary sunfish, and seldom exceeds seven or eight inches in length.

It is furnished with a short snout or muzzle, which, as we shall see, serves very much the purpose of a sportsman's gun. It is fond of insects, and its method of capturing them has suggested its name of the archer.

Swimming close beneath the surface it watches the brilliant flies flitting above, and, having selected one to its fancy, suddenly thrusts its muzzle out, and with almost unerring marksmanship discharges several drops of water at its victim.

Confused by the watery projectiles, and with its wings entangled and rendered temporarily useless, the insect falls upon the surface of the sea, and is immediately seized by its voracious enemy. The fish is said to be able to bring down a fly in this manner from a height of two or three feet.

Some of the inhabitants of Java keep these little fish in captivity for the sake of watching them practice their archery upon flies and ants suspended above them.—Youth's Companion.

Disillusions.

During his days of youthful enthusiasm every man promises himself a career of perfect happiness—of stainless respectability—of matchless honor. We flatter ourselves that the world will reform itself for our sake. We anticipate a faultless partner in our future bride, and cheat ourselves with the expectation that the even current of destinies will flow over sands of gold. Alas! the first self deception we are compelled to resign becomes a bitter trial to our fortitude; but, one after another, we see these cherished visions fade away—we inure ourselves to the degree of mediocrity which is our allotted portion—and finally learn to be contented with such scraps as the charity of fortune throws in our way.—New York Ledger.

Scallops in an Aquarium.

Nothing is prettier than to watch pectens in an aquarium. They have a fluttering motion and move up and down in the water. Provided with an aductor muscle of great power, they can rapidly open and close their valves and take in or throw out water. As Mr. Hugh M. Smith writes, "The sight of a school of scallops moving in unison through the water is a very striking one." Fishermen know that the scallop moves, for it often happens that where there were scallops one day on a bank there are none to be found the next. Probably changes of position are made for food or temperature.—New York Times.

A Victim of the Common House Fly.

It is said that the late Father Damien attributed the leprosy which brought about his death to inoculation by flies which flew from leprous patients to a wound on his head. It must be remembered that though cases doubtless occur in which infectious diseases are conveyed by flies, these insects do an immense amount of useful service by the scavengering which they so assiduously perform.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Remarkable Egyptian Custom.

The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditors in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impiety and an infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty was deprived of the customary honors paid to the dead.—Yankee Blade.

Silk Dye.

A favorite method with silk manufacturers of imparting a pale straw color to pieces of silk is to steep them in a very weak solution of hydrochloric (muriatic) acid. This cannot be practiced with success by the housewife, as the process is a somewhat delicate one.—New York Recorder.

The big Cinereous owl of the far north is the biggest of all our owl tribe. In contrast is the little Pigmy owl of the west, which is hardly larger than a big sparrow. So small is it that it is a marvel that it ever dares to stick its talons into a mouse, for fear of being run away with.

No bath should be taken while the patient is weary from labor or excitement. Rest is then indicated. But if the tired feeling is due to chronic or long continued conditions, the bath is not thereby contraindicated.

H. E. Wells, of Imlay City, Mich., who enlisted in a Michigan regiment and was captured during the war, has not shaved since he left Andersonville prison. His beard is now 5 feet 9 inches in length.

Jules Verne has a son, Michel, who is developing a talent for writing stories very much in his father's highly imaginative style.

A Jealous Horse.

In a fashionable boarding stable in New York is a horse called Tatters. Tatters belongs to a lady who makes a great pet of him, and never visits the stable without taking him some apples, carrots, or sugar, of which he is extremely fond. In a neighboring stall is the horse of her friend, an animal rejoicing in the name of Phil. Tatters and Phil are on good terms, but the former sometimes throws his ears back and manifests jealousy when his mistress, after giving him an apple or a garrot, gives one to Phil. One day she went into the stable while Tatters was in the hands of the groom. He began begging for an apple, and she deferred the gift until the groom had finished his work and the horse had returned to his stall. Meantime she gave an apple to Phil.

When Tatters had gone to his stall she offered him an apple, but he refused to take it, and turned his head from her in disgust. For half an hour she coaxed him, but to no purpose. Then the groom tried to induce him to take it, and then another groom made the same effort, but all in vain. Take the apple he would not, nor would he recognize his mistress in any way.

His ears drooped and he had the appearance of a child in the sulks, just as much as a horse can possibly have it. His heart was broken, not so much because an apple had been given to another horse, but because it had been given before himself had received one. But by the next day he seemed to have forgotten his grievance, and you may be sure that his owner has been careful not to offend him since in the same way.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

A Roumanian Custom.

A pretty custom, similar to that observed in England, Scotland and the United States on St. Valentine's Day, the 14th of February, is in vogue in Roumania on the 1st of March. This is the day indicated in the state and church calendar as the official date for the beginning of spring.

The masculine portion of the population is not favored with valentines as in this country, but the daughter, friend, sweetheart or bride may be quite sure of receiving her token of affectionate remembrance on that day. These little gifts are called martisoires, and are made of bronze, silver or some cheaper material in the shape of hearts, stars and medallions. These little amulets bear the date March 1, accompanied by that of the year, and any motto or inscription which may occur to the giver as appropriate.

The recipient of the martisoire wears it, held by a small chain, on her arm or hung around her neck until in her walks abroad she sees a rose in bloom or hears the song of the nightingale. Then she takes it off and hangs it on the next green bush to which she comes as an offering to Mother Nature, for whom all Roumanians have a great love.

Whether these little medals are allowed to hang on the bushes and swing in the breezes all summer, or whether after a certain time they are stealthily gathered by a martisoire collector, to be melted for another season's use, is not stated by the German paper which tells of this pretty, if rather sentimental, custom.

A Two Hundred Dollar Speech.

A certain well known German physician of the south side was the victim of his own "previousness" the other day. He had successfully treated a wealthy lady's daughter for diphtheria, and the lady was extremely grateful for it. When the child was thoroughly well mother and daughter appeared at the physician's office. The little girl shyly handed the physician a neat little knit purse, while the lady went on to say: "For having saved my child, doctor, I want to present you with this purse."

"But," said the physician, after an embarrassing pause, "I have sent you a bill for $300."

The lady flushed, then said quietly: "Let me have the purse, please."

She took two $100 bills out of it and returned it to him with the remark: "There are $300 in there now, so your bill is paid," and left the room.

Now the doctor is cursing his clumsy tongue for the bad break it made. That little speech cost him $200.—St. Louis Republic.

Father and Son.

A fine young fellow was disinherited by his father, a well to do grazier and cattle dealer, for marrying a domestic servant in the village. The father not only cut him out of his will, but turned him out of the house and dismissed him from his employment. The young man took service in the county police, and was shortly appointed to his own village. But in a year or two he inherited a snug fortune from a brother of his father's, with whom the latter had a deadly feud, and the old grazier was so put out at his son's good fortune that he cut his throat. Almost the last work the son had to do before leaving the police force to enjoy his legacy was to attend the inquest of his father officially.—London Tit-Bits.

A Repulsive Custom.

The Russians of the old school still preserve the ancient Slavonian custom which makes it binding upon every guest at a dinner party, on rising from table, to go and kiss the hand of his hostess, she kissing his forehead in return; and I have myself seen the soft white hand of one of the most beautiful women in St. Petersburg literally covered with streaks of soup from half a dozen pairs of greasy mustaches in succession. — David Ker in New York Epoch.

This Pulley Weighs Seventy Tons.

A Willimantic linen mill has a pulley that is said to be the second largest one in the world. Its weight is seventy tons, and its diameter twenty-eight feet. Three belts pass about the pulley, one of which is 49½ inches wide, and the two others are twenty-four inches. The wheel makes sixty revolutions a minute. The shaft on which the pulley is hung weighs twenty-seven tons.—New York Sun.

THE ELDER BOOTH AND THE PIRATE.

How the Tragedian Saved His Money and His Life and Made a Friend.

One night in Louisville a number of people called on Edwin Booth, among them a doctor of local celebrity, who wanted to place in his hands a valuable relic that had once belonged to the elder Booth. He was shown upstairs by a little darky, who carried something wrapped up in a newspaper. It proved to be a well preserved skull, thoroughly cleaned and the parts joined by springs and hooks.

The doctor told us this story of the skull, which proved romantic and interesting: Many years before Ted's visit the elder Booth had played an engagement in Natchez. After the closing performance he was taken down to the river with his trunk to wait for the upcoming steamboat. He found at the saloon at the wharf a rough looking set of men who by their talk he decided were thieves and cutthroats.

Booth had $1,000 in his money belt, and from motives of policy he invited the ruffians to take several drinks, which only served to increase their peculiar looks in his direction. There was no help near and escape was out of the question—he would probably have been followed and murdered.

Selecting the roughest and toughest man in the crowd, old Booth called him outside to say a few words. "Look here," said he, "my name is Booth; I'm an actor; you may have heard of me. I've a thousand dollars here in a belt and I'm afraid of being robbed. I want you to take it and keep it safe for me until the boat comes along."

The fellow looked earnestly at the old man, and then reached out for the belt. Booth never expected to see a dollar of the money again, but was glad to insure his personal safety. He slept on a table in the saloon, and was awakened early by the custodian of his treasure.

"Get up," said he; "here's your money. The boat's in sight." Booth was thoroughly surprised, but of course delighted. "What's your name?" he asked; "I always like to remember an honest man's name." The fellow hesitated, lowered his voice and answered: "It's Morrill; folks call me the chief of the river pirates. You trusted me and I appreciated the trust."

A year later Morrill was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. When Booth visited Natchez again he visited the prison and took Morrill some money and delicacies. At the last of his visits he found the man dying of consumption. "Booth," said he, "I've not long to live; I should die happy if I had something to leave you to remember me by. You have been good to me and I cannot repay you." Booth laughed and said, "If you are set on leaving me a legacy, let it be your head."

He spoke in jest, but the pirate took it in earnest, and on his death it was found that he had willed the tragedian his skull. Booth gave it to the doctor in Louisville to put in order, but dying himself soon after never claimed his bequest. The physician gave it to Ted. We used it for Yorick's skull in "Hamlet."

When on a visit to his mother in Baltimore, she unpacked Ted's trunk while he was out, and came across the skull. Not knowing what it was used for, she decided to get rid of it with some other rubbish. So when Ted came in she told him how she had thrown that nasty skull out of the window, and that a coal cart, passing by, had crushed it into a hundred pieces.—Interview in New York Epoch.

Some Familiar Quotations.

Walpole, the prime minister of the Georges, is misquoted in the expression, "All men have their price." He never said so, and entertained no such narrow views of mankind. He was referring to certain persons, and said, "All these men have their price." "Money is the root of all evil" is another misquoted quotation, and a wide deviation from the truth. "The love of money is the root of all evil" is the correct quotation. "Love me little, love me long" is a household phrase sometimes supposed to have originated with Charles Reade, because he wrote a novel by that name. Those who are familiar with the poets know that the expression originated with Christopher Marlowe, and is found in his "Jew of Malta." It was afterward given a new impetus by Robert Herrick.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Teddy Was Surprised.

Teddy, a little three-year-old, was one day following his father about the farm, when he saw a terrapin for the first time.

"Oh, papa," he called, "come and help me catch the bug with a shell on his back."

"Just cut his head off," his father replied, "and you have him."

Teddy excitedly hammered away, but the terrapin, after the manner of his kind, scenting danger near, drew in his head.

"Well, is his head off?" asked his father.

"Oh, no," cried the astonished little fellow; "he has swallowed his head!"—Springfield Homestead.

Diphtheria Taken from a Kitten.

P. C. Coleman, of Colorado, Tex., states that after a residence of five years at Colorado he saw the first case of diphtheria. A child of four years, living thirty miles distant in the country, and with no neighbor within six miles, had diphtheria, followed by paralysis. The child was far away from any source of human contagion and had rarely seen other children. The father stated that two kittens had recently died from what seemed to be the same disease, and the child had frequently kissed them. Dr. Coleman does not doubt that the diphtheria was contracted from them.—Dr. J. Lewis Smith in Babyhood.

Timely Tunes.

"That was an appropriate bit of music they had at the cattlemen's annual dinner."

"What was it?"

"The band played Beethoven's 'Concerto in Gee.'"—Harper's Bazar.

THE CODE OF HARA-KIRI

A WAY OF SATISFYING HONOR AMONG JAPANESE NOBILITY.

Men Who Deliberately Commit Suicide or Get Their Friends to Kill Them—A Sample Case—The New Code of Laws Against It, but It Is Still Practiced.

It is generally understood that hara-kiri, or hara-wo-kiri, is the solemn practice of suicide among Japanese noblemen—a practice most deeply rooted in their ideas of honor and faithfulness.

The hara-kiri was first practiced on the battlefield. If the defeated did not wish to fall alive into the hands of the enemy they thrust their swords into their mouths or their breasts or cut their own throats. Later the hara-kiri became an institution of honor. Whoever knew his cause to be lost either executed himself with his sword or allowed his companions to do it for him. It often happened that when a feudal lord had performed his self execution his vassals followed his example to show their loyalty beyond the grave.

HIS MEMORY UNSTAINED.

My mother, who was a Japanese of rank, often related to me a case of hara-kiri which took place not so many years ago in her own family. The nobleman, occupying a government office, had killed his bitterest enemy and was sentenced to the hara-kiri. If he had not belonged to the caste of warriors they would either have beheaded him or sentenced him to be nailed to the cross, which would have brought dishonor on his family, besides resulting in pecuniary disadvantages. The hara-kiri, however, attached no dishonor to him or his memory. The condemned man was committed to the surveillance of a nobleman in whose mansion the solemn self execution was to take place. Day and hour were appointed, and the witnesses elected by the government arrived. The condemned man had begged three of his friends to render him the last service and they consented.

Subordinates called on the prisoner to tell him of the arrival of the witnesses. They brought him robes of hemp on a tray. He donned them quickly and hurried to the reception room of the palace, where the sentence of death was read to him. The prisoner listened to it without moving a feature. Then he retired once more to his chamber to change his dress for the last time. Attired in white robes, he was led by a solemn procession to the room where the self execution was to take place. A large cotton cloth was spread on the mats. Over this a scarlet quilt was laid to prevent the blood from oozing through the mats. It was already dark and a candelabrum, giving a faint light, was placed in each corner. Behind two white screens a pail, a wash basin, a censor, a tray and a short sword lay hidden. According to prevailing rules, the persons present stepped into the semidark room and took their places.

Then the duties of the three assistants of the prisoner began. The first brought him the sword on a short legged table, the hilt being wrapped in paper. The prisoner received the weapon with reverence, lifting it with both hands to his forehead to express his esteem. Then he laid it back on the table and bowed to all present. He let his upper garments fall down to the belt, and stuffed them firmly under his knees to prevent him from falling backward, which is looked on as a disgrace. Then, while with a firm hand he seized the sword, and with a quick movement cut up his stomach, the second assistant, who stood on his left side, with one fierce blow severed the head from the trunk. After rendering his friend this terrible service he retired behind the screens, drew some white paper from his belt and wiped the weapon. The third assistant then grasped the head by the tuft of hair and presented it to the principal government witness to show that justice had been fully satisfied. This was followed by deep silence. All present retired quietly. On the floor lay the body of the nobleman. Four servants appeared and carried away the body and cleaned the room.

The memory of the nobleman remained unstained. He had remained loyal to his rank in death.

NOT FOR THE SHOGUN.

In 1869 a private secretary to the privy council proposed the abolition of the hara-kiri. Two-thirds of the deputies were against the proposition, and in the speeches held on that occasion they praised the institution as indispensable to preserve the honor of the aristocracy, and as a spur to morality and religion. The man who advanced the proposition was, as was expected, murdered not long afterward.

Of course all Japanese do not share the opinion of those deputies. In the last change of government when the shogun, completely defeated, had no other alternative than to flee to Yeddo, one of his councilors advised him to have recourse to the hari-kiri as the last means of saving his honor and that of his family. The shogun ridiculed the advice and left the room in a rage. The faithful councilor retired to another part of the palace and disembowled himself in proof of his earnestness. The shogun is still living and enjoys a fat income.

So much about the essential characteristics of the hari-kiri. The changes which this old national custom has undergone cause the particulars concerning it to be somewhat contradictory. By the introduction of a new code of laws, the hari-kiri has been abolished and only noblemen, who still believe in the traditional code of honor of their ancestors, may select it as a mode of death.—C. Sadakichi Hartmann in New York Sun.

What They Did.

Papa—Have the men been here today, my boy?

Johnnie—Oh, yes. The painters came and painted, the tinners tinned and the carpenters——

Papa—Well?

Johnnie—They carped.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

CROUPY SOUNDS

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gagan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assissium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Eagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 388 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av. and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor. Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2944 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 383 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 821 N. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m. 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 483 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; WJ Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilsuler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Beidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av, E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 136 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 228 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Baler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 383 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schulz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Roeder, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 876 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; P Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p. m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, RS, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, CR, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall. S. E. cor Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate. P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N.Clark.

County Financial Secretary. W. E Graham, 13 Currier st.

County Treasurer. M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Farron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec., 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell Fin Sec; P. J. Dufty, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres., P. Lavery, V. P., Daniel Cordon, Rec Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White Fin. Sec., M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2105 State st; William White, V. P., Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st., P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av., John Ryan, V. P., Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec. 5256 S. Halsted-st., John Ryan, Fin. Sec., B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P., D Duggan, Rec Sec., S Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec. John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eigerman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st., Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche, Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely. Treas., P. S. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., A. Lofus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark, Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Breshahan, Fin. Sec. Jas. Mulcare, Treas, Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill. at 8 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert, Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett, 156 Sherman st, V. P. John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st., Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av. V.-P., P. McMahon, Rec Sec. Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue, Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st. V.-P., John McGeogeghan, Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av., Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st. V.-P., Thomas Flynn. Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham, Treas. E. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st. V. P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec. Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec. James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m. at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan, Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas. Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Pullman. Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling 253 N Clark st; V P. Thomas Franey; rec sec J. Mulbearn, 40 Artesian av. fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien 3203 Butler st, fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 S. Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P. Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2933 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.

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John Patton, No. 1 Yeaman Ct., Roxbury Dist. Boston, Mass.

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J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

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T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

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Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.

County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris, treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 373 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; Treas Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 446 W Twelfth st.

Div 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice pres, Michael Larney; rec sec. Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L. Keys, treas, P Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 681 W. Lake-st. Pres., William J. Lamey, 7 Smart-st.; V. P., John Daley, Rec.Sec., J. E Clancey, 226 N. Wood-st.; Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas. Wm. Closs; Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 389 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m. President, David L. Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne; 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry Sec'y, J. J. Hackett 389 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cook, President, 98 Walnut-st., 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2nd V.-P., M Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av. Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1872. Meet at their hall corner May and Eleventh-sts, the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. Pres., P. J. Doyle, 714 Loomis-st.; V.-P., S. Riordan; Sec., P. M. McCaffrey, 505 W. Twelfth-st.; Asst. Sec., D. W. Murphy, Fin. Sec., J. E. Cooney; Treas., J. W. Prinderville; Marshal, M. F. Carroll.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church, first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrnes, President; John J Griffin, V-P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 889 S Halsted st; John Jennings, Ass't Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch, Marshall.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK'S—President, J J O'Grady, 108 Emerson av; V-P, W J Anderson, Fin. Sec, Dennis L Harmon; Rec Sec, Thomas Garrity, 41 N Carpenter st; Marshal, Thos Roche. Sergt-at-Arms, F P Meehan; Spiritual Director, Rev P J Bickey. Meet second Monday and last Sunday each month.

ST. PIUS' T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized 1874. Meets the first Sunday of each month in School hall, corner of Ashland-av. and Twentieth-st. President, John D. O'Sullivan, 176 Moore-st.; V.-P, T McEnany; Cor Sec, E Quinn, 664 W Twenty-first st; Fin Sec, Wm Devereux, 720 W Twenty-first st; Treas, John Foley; Marshal, Thos Meagher Spiritual Director, Rev E Muldoon.

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Catholic Knights of Illinois

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St. Mark's Branch, meets 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month in the Brothers' school hall, cor. Adams and Desplaines sts., at 3 p. m. President J. C. Croke, 140 S. Morgan st.; V.-P., P. J. Bowan 138 S. Desplaines st.; Rec. Sec., John J. Donahue, 178 Sebor st.; Fin. Sec., John Carey 229 S Robey st., Treas, E. McDonough, 116 W Madison st.

ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 310—Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres. Austin J. Kilkenny, Transit House; V-P. J. C. White; Cor Sec, D. J. Fair, 43d and Emerald-av. Fin Sec, J. F. Moloney Treas, J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. K. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mark Sharkey, 946 North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 244 Waubansia avenue treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 236 North Clark street. All information regarding the association to be had by applying to any of the above.

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Made Him Ridiculous.

A good story of General Sheridan was told me the other day by a Mexican gentleman, an intimate friend of the great northern soldier in his lifetime. One day, calling on the commander of the army at his office in Washington, he found him at his desk, his feet incased in slippers and his shoes democratically placed on top of the desk. While the general was apparently absorbed in some writing, the Mexican gentleman, who thought some servant had left the warrior's shoes in the wrong place, took his cane and gently deposited the shoes on the floor.

The next day the Mexican gentleman called again on Sheridan and found him at his desk, shoes on top as before. The polite resident of the tropics began once more removing the shoes to the floor, when all at once Sheridan roared out:

"Don't you do that again, sir! You make me ridiculous, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, general, but how have I made you ridiculous?"

"Why, sir," said Sheridan, still annoyed, "yesterday, sir, I went out to walk after you had called on me. I was nearing the White House when I noticed a gentleman looking at me intently. Soon he addressed me, saying, 'Excuse me, general, but aren't you afraid of catching cold?' 'Why, sir, no, not that I know of; what's the matter, sir?' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'it is very damp and you are going about in your slippers!' I tell you, sir," said Sheridan, addressing his Mexican friend, "you made me ridiculous. It is my habit, sir, to put my shoes on my desk where I cannot fail to see them, so I may not forget to put them on, and, confound it, sir, you come around here with your notions of propriety and send me around town in my slippers, sir!"—Boston Herald.

Butterflies That Bathe.

It is commonly thought that a butterfly dreads the water as a fine lady dreads rain, but evidently this is not true in Australia. The case of an Australian butterfly deliberately entering the water to take a bath is recorded by M. G. Lyell, Jr. He saw it alight close to the water, into which it backed until the whole of the body and the lower part of the hind legs were submerged, the two fore legs alone retaining their hold on the dry land. After remaining in this position for something like half a minute it flew away apparently refreshed.

Mr. Lyell says: "During the morning I noticed a number doing the same thing. In one instance no less than four were to be seen within a space of not more than three yards, and, to make sure that I was not deceived, I captured several as they rose from the water, and found in each case the body and lower edge of the hind wings quite wet. While in the water the fluttering of the wings, so noticeable at other times, was suspended, and so intent were the butterflies in the enjoyment of the cold bath that they could hardly move, even when actually touched by the net.

"Apparently the heat of the weather drove them down to the water, as immediately upon emerging they flew up again to the hillside. Butterflies are often seen apparently sucking in the moisture around the edge of the pools: but they have never before been seen actually to enter the water."—Victoria Naturalist.

Buried in Laces.

Lace headdresses, or what were called heads of lace, were very fashionable in England in the reigns of Mary and Anne, and the ladies of the court sometimes paid very large sums for a fine head of French or Flemish lace, but the extravagance in this fragile article of luxury was never carried to the same ruinous extent as in France. It was, however, profusely worn during what may be called the lace epoch, and was even coveted as an article of adornment after death.

Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress, left instructions that she should be laid in her coffin arrayed in a very fine headdress of Brussels lace, in a shroud of Holland linen with lace tucker and ruffles and a pair of kid gloves. Yards of the costliest point d'Angleterre and Mechlin laces were wrapped around the corpse of the beautiful Aurora von Konigsmarck before she was laid in her grave at Quedlinburg, and many of the mummies found in the catacombs of the Capuchin convent at Palermo are swathed in the same costly funeral robes.—Chambers' Journal.

An Abnormal Appetite.

A native of Wittenberg on one occasion, after eating a sheep and a sucking pig, ate by way of dessert sixty pounds of prunes without taking out the stones. On another occasion this same individual devoured two bushels of cherries, several earthen vessels, chips from a furnace, pieces of glass, some beetles, a shepherd's bagpipe, rats, birds with their feathers on, and a number of caterpillars, finishing up by swallowing a pewter inkstand, with its pens, paper knife and sand box. We are informed that when these luxuries were partaken of he was generally under the influence of brandy, but that he appeared to relish his singular food, and was a man of extraordinary strength. He died in his eighty-first year.—London Tit-Bits.

The Two Meridians.

The Geographical congress held in Switzerland recommended the universal adoption of the metric system and also the Greenwich meridian for the reckoning of longitude and time. It is doubtful if this will be done, however, by all nations, for, although a standard in both cases would be beneficial to the world at large, France naturally desires Paris time, and England would never surrender her prime meridian and adopt a revolution in her system of measurements unless the new measure was examined and based upon intrinsic merit. —New York Times.

A Kind Young Man.

"What I like about Charlie," said Ethel, "is his kindness to animals. Why, last week when he took me to the menagerie he gave a whole peanut to one of the elephants."—New York Epoch.

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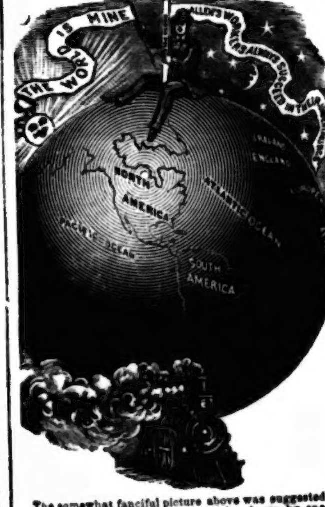
P. McHUGH, ATTORNEY, 97 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN McHUGH, DEceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of John McHugh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, September 30, 1891.
MARY McHUGH, Administratrix.
P. McHugh, Attorney.



The somewhat fanciful picture above was suggested by the genuine pleasure and high spirits shown by one of Allen's workers. When he applied to me he was making just a living, or very little more. I taught him. I caused him to go to work, in his present situation, and he quickly began to earn money at the rate of Over Three Thousand Dollars a Year. Is there a lesson or suggestion here, for you, reader? Probably you can make just as much money as he. Why not try? I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. I charge nothing and receive nothing, unless successful as above. Nothing difficult to learn, or that requires much time. I desire but one person from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over Three Thousand Dollars a year, each. Here is something new and solid. Full particulars Free. After you know all, if you conclude to go no farther, why, no harm is done. Those who feel interested are invited to write at once. I promise you my special, personal attention. Address, E. C. ALLEN, Box 1063, Augusta, Maine.

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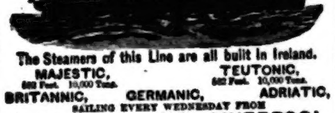

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CONSERVATRIX'S SALE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of that certain decretal order, entered on the First (1st) day of October, 1891, in and by the Probate Court of Cook County in the State of Illinois, in the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, upon the application of the undersigned, Augusta Kennedy, the Conservatrix of said lunatic, for leave to sell the hereinafter described real estate of said lunatic, I, the said Conservatrix, shall at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of Monday, the Second (2d) day of November, 1891, at the east front door of the Court House, on Clark street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest of said lunatic, Orlow H. Crotser, in and to that certain real estate, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the east half (E ½) of the northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8) Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian.

Dated Chicago, October 5, 1891.
AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
David Sullivan, Conservatrix's Attorney.

SANTA CLAUS
TO MARKET, TO MARKET, AND WHAT SHALL WE BUY?
SOME BEANS AND SOME BARLEY, SOME RICE AND SOME RYE.
BUT NEVER MIND THOSE IF YOU'LL ONLY BE SURE
AND REMEMBER SOME
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TO PROCURE
ALL GROCERS KEEP IT:
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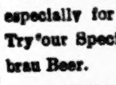

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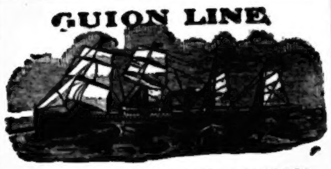

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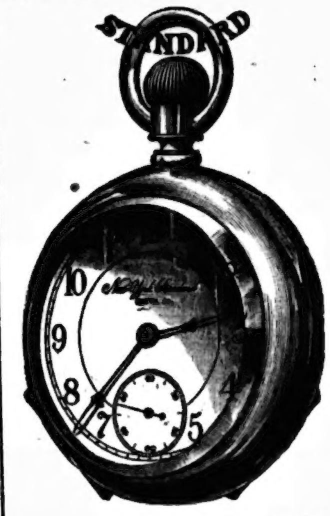
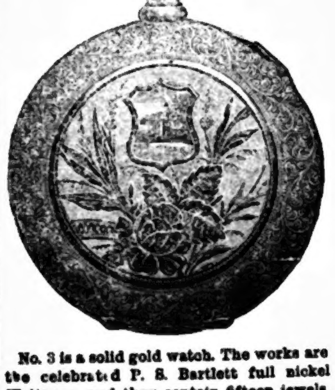


No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail, prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16.50, postage and registry pre-paid.



No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years, and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.00.

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